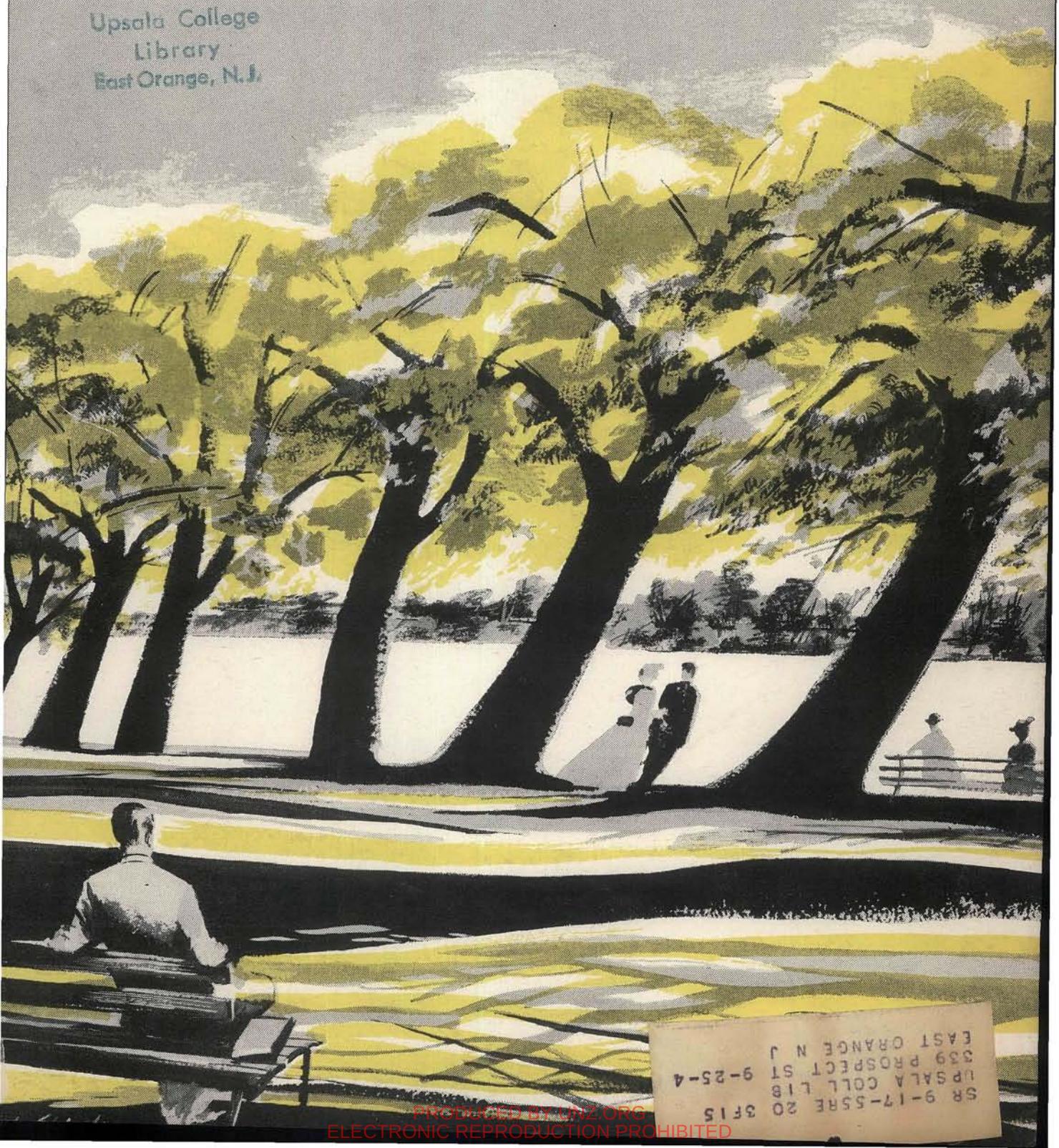
GOOD HAMMOCK COMPANIONS... *SR*'s GUIDE TO SUMMER READING

Saturday Review

JUNE 19, 1954 / 20¢

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N.J.

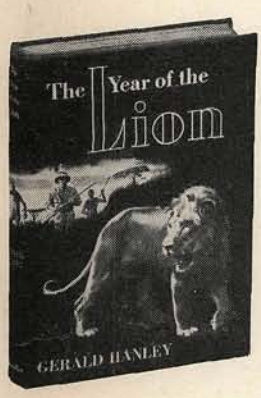


SR 9-17-55RE 20 3F15
UPSALA COLL LIB
339 PROSPECT ST 9-25-4
EAST ORANGE N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR A BETTER VACATION

Take a Macmillan Book



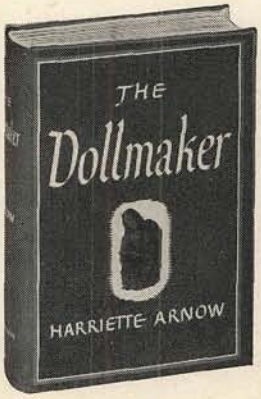
The Year of the Lion

By GERALD HANLEY

The enigma of the white man as master in a land he can neither understand nor tame.

"This is the finest novel by a young author that has come my way this year."—*Atlantic Monthly*

"It would be a pity if this fine novel were to be overlooked in the spate of African books this season."—*Saturday Review Syndicate* $3.00



The Dollmaker

By HARRIETTE ARNOW

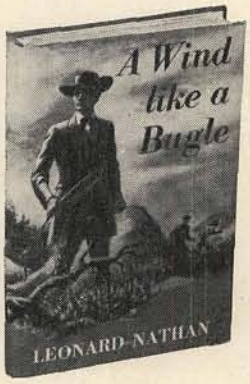
"a novel that is certain to rank as one of the finest of 1954. The depth and power and stature of this enormous book are rare indeed in modern times." — Orville Prescott, *New York Times.*

"The Dollmaker seems to me, to put it mildly, the finest novel of 1954." — Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune* $5.00

A Wind Like a Bugle

By LEONARD NATHAN

A tense narrative of the Underground Railroad before the Civil War. The author "is particularly effective in invoking the frightful terror that stalked Kansas when Free Soldiers and slavery advocates developed a schism that only conflict could resolve . . . a solid and frequently exciting story."—*Chicago Tribune* $3.50



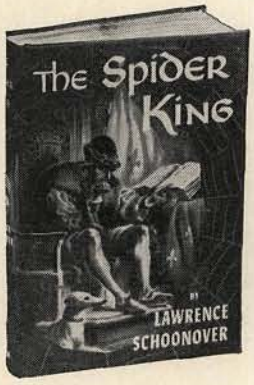
The Spider King

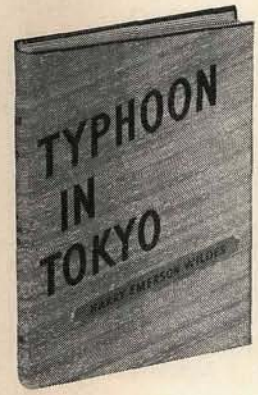
By LAWRENCE SCHOONOVER

The absorbing biographical novel of Louis XI of France – an era largely ignored by novelists and historians.

"Here is a book that stands beside the best in those qualities we expect in a historical novel."—*New York Times*

"a novel to savour page by page . . . there isn't a flagging moment."—*Boston Sunday Herald* $3.95

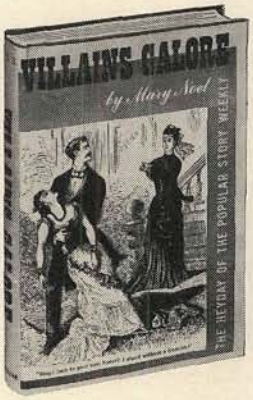




Typhoon in Tokyo

By HARRY EMERSON WILDES

An eye-opening account "of the greatest civilian overseas commitment ever undertaken by Americans . . . the story of a stupendous but improvised social experiment which used an empire and 74,000,000 people as its laboratory materials." The successes and failures of the American occupation of Japan. $4.50



Villains Galore

By MARY NOEL

Your mother's mother was a lady, sir, but she had the darndest taste in light fiction.

"an interesting and comprehensive history of the American story paper weeklies from about the Eighteen Forties to the middle Eighteen Eighties."—*New York Times*

"a substantial contribution to 19th century Americana."—*Chicago Daily News*

"Villains Galore deserves readers galore." — W. G. Rogers, *Associated Press* $5.00

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

The Macmillan Company 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

?

Is There a Republican Majority?

POLITICAL TRENDS: 1952-56

By LOUIS HARRIS
Research Executive with Elmo Roper

"A significant contribution to our understanding of the forces likely to dominate American politics for the next decade."
—SAMUEL LUBELL, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

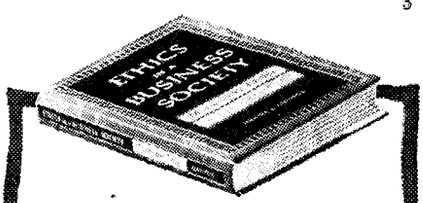
"An exceedingly useful and stimulating book. It supplies the general reader with a far more intelligent, dispassionate, and interestingly written analysis of current political trends in the United States than he has had in the past."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

$3.50

Mr. Hobbs' Vacation

By EDWARD STREETER
Author of *Father of the Bride*

"Tremendously amusing."
—JOHN P. MARQUAND
"Happy reading."
—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY
"Continuous joy."
—STERLING NORTH
Illustrated. $3.00



Ethics in a Business Society

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS and DOUGLASS CATER

"For those who want accurate reporting and authentic insight into the moral crisis of our time, this is an admirable guide-book."
Washington Post. $2.75

Harper

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

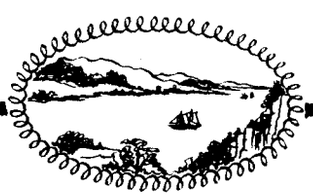
Highspots

The Leaven of Love

A DEVELOPMENT OF THE PSYCHOANALYTIC THEORY AND TECHNIQUE OF SÁNDOR FERENCZI

By IZETTE de FOREST

"An extremely clear and very profound exposition." — ERICH FROMM.
"Inspirational reading."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*
$3.50



Early in the Morning

By MARION EDEY

The radiant recollection of "a wonderful childhood spent in one of the loveliest valleys of our land."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

Introduction by JOHN MASON BROWN. $3.00

Building a Better Home Town

A PROGRAM OF COMMUNITY SELF-ANALYSIS AND SELF-HELP

By H. CLAY TATE, Editor, *Daily Pantagraph,* Bloomington (Ill.)

"His book should be read by everyone who has ever had that urge to help make his children's home town a better place than his own."
—ADLAI E. STEVENSON
$3.50

Mine the Harvest

By EDNA St. VINCENT MILLAY

"The finest of Edna Millay's books . . . the singing lines bring the poet back from death in the full stature of her genius." —ROBERT HILLYER
$3.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You may have thought it was the American Revolution that drove George III crazy, but it wasn't. It was a young lady named Mary Anne Clarke.

It is true that the Founding Fathers helped, but the thing that finally proved too much for poor King George was a scandal in which his favorite son, the Duke of York, became involved, and *that* was all Mary Anne's doing.

Mary Anne had been the Duke's mistress, and when he threw her over for another woman, she confessed that, with his aid, she had been selling commissions in the Army, of which he was commander-in-chief.

The result was an investigation by Parliament of the Army. Though the hearings took place in 1809, long before television, they were the center of public attention, shoving even the Napoleonic Wars off the front pages. The Duke was eventually cleared of complicity, but was forced by public opinion to resign.

This was only the climactic episode in the lively career of Mary Anne Clarke, about whom Daphne du Maurier has written a lively and readable novel called "Mary Anne."

The book offers particularly appropriate reading for the forthcoming three-day Fourth of July weekend. And it provides a sort of fireworks that can be enjoyed without going outdoors.

One good thing about Mary Anne: she was apparently willing to accept blame. For she lived in the age of the Regency Bucks, and, judging from the book, never passed one.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Mary Anne," by Daphne du Maurier, ($3.50) published on June 18 by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. is the July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which has just been opened at 921 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

JUNE 19, 1954

Cover Drawing by Tack Shigaki

SR/IDEAS

11 KORZYBSKI AND SEMANTICS, by Stuart Chase
13 ON MEETING AUTHORS, by Louis Auchincloss
26 DREAMS THAT MOLD REALITY: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

18 THE END OF INNOCENCE, by Jonathan Daniels
An Essay-Review by Frank Freidel
19 THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS, by Edith Benham Helm
Reviewed by May Craig
19 IS THERE A REPUBLICAN MAJORITY? by Louis Harris
Reviewed by Sidney Hyman
20 MODERN ITALIAN SHORT STORIES, edited by Marc Slonim
Reviewed by Thomas G. Bergin
21 GUIGNOL'S BAND, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline
Reviewed by Laurent LeSage
21 A TREASURY OF FRENCH TALES, collected by Henri Pourrat
Reviewed by Henri Peyre
22 INSIDE LINCOLN'S CABINET, edited by David Donald
Reviewed by Roy F. Nichols
23 CONFEDERATE AGENT, by James D. Horan
Reviewed by Fred Harvey Harrington
24 THE LOTUS SUTRA IN CHINESE ART, by J. LeRoy Davidson
Reviewed by Jane Gaston Mahler
24 ART UNDER A DICTATORSHIP, by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt
Reviewed by Sibyl Moholy-Nagy
40 GO, TEAM, GO! by John R. Tunis
An Essay-Review by Raymond Swing
42 THE RELAXED SELL, by Thomas Whiteside
An Essay-Review by Bergen Evans
43 THE ECONOMICS OF RECESSION AND REVIVAL, by Kenneth D. Roos
Reviewed by Charles Hoffmann

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf
8 LITERARY CRYPT
14 THE CRITICS TAKE TO THEIR HAMMOCKS: A POLL
16 THE LITERARY SAMPLER
27 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
28 SEEING THINGS: ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK, by John Mason Brown
30 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight
31 TV AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes
32 *SR*'S WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR
33 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
36 IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr
38 BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, edited by Frances Lander Spain
47 LITERARY I.Q.
51 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1056

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $ a year; $8 in Canada, Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 25, June 19, 195 Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at t Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Index in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entr
issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Library Poll

NOW that the first "damn" in movie history is replaying Times Square (and dozens of other cinema palaces around the nation) the late Mrs. Mitchell's grand panorama of dimming aristocracy, Sherman's siege of Atlanta, fire, childbearing, carpetbagging, and Reconstruction—to say nothing of Scarlett's three husbands, children, parents, slaves, and relations—has mounted to seventeenth position on *SR*'s poll of currently circulating books. Are the long-suffering Melanie and dismal Ashley passing into folklore?

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
4. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
5. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
6. **Seven Years in Tibet**
   by Heinrich Harrer (G)
7. ***The Power of Positive Thinking***
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
9. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
0. **Away All Boats**
   by Kenneth Dodson (F)
1. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
2. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
   by Gene Fowler (G)
3. **Flying Saucers Have Landed**
   by Desmond Leslie (G)
4. **I Led Three Lives**
   by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
5. **A Stillness at Appomattox**
   by Bruce Catton (G)
6. **The Second Tree From the Corner**
   by E. B. White (G)
7. **Gone With the Wind**
   by Margaret Mitchell (F)
8. **McCarthy and His Enemies**
   by William F. Buckley (G)
9. **The Bad Seed**
   by William March (F)
0. **Bhowani Junction**
   by John Masters (F)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), oston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chiago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des loines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), ouisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Mineapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), maha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), ittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. ouis (Mo:), Salt Lake City (Utah), 'ashington (D.C.).

(F)—Fiction
(G)—General

John
STEINBECK's
great new comic novel!

Cannery Row's beloved inhabitants are back! Doc, the girls from the Bear Flag cafe, Mack and the boys from the Palace Flophouse —plus a few boisterous newcomers—appear in this wonderfully funny love story. Written with Steinbeck's special tenderness and humor, it recounts the adventures, both joyous and poignant, of some of fiction's most entertaining characters. $3.50

Sweet Thursday

THE VIKING PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Best in Reading Within the Reach of Every Purse

THE best available literary talent and scholarship are consistently reprinted in inexpensive and distinguished SIGNET, MENTOR, and SIGNET KEY editions by *New American Library*.

Among the MENTOR BOOKS, the recognition of new writing is brilliantly illustrated this spring in ***NEW WORLD WRITING #5,*** the new 50¢ Mentor selection in the earliest paperbound cross-section of fiction, drama, poetry and criticism. ***HIGHLIGHTS OF MODERN LITERATURE: A Permanent Collection of Memorable Essays from the New York Times,*** edited by Francis Brown, another just published Mentor (35¢), shows New American Library's interest in bringing discriminating literary criticism to the mass audience. An outstanding example of NAL's publications in the historical field is ***THE WORLD OF HISTORY,*** edited by Crane Brinton, Alfred Kazin, and John D. Hicks, a 35¢ June Mentor book.

SIGNET BOOKS bring the work of the greatest modern novelists to the corner newsstand. William Faulkner is represented this season by a one volume edition of ***SANCTUARY*** and ***REQUIEM FOR A NUN. A LAMP FOR NIGHTFALL*** is the 19th Signet Book by Erskine Caldwell, whose reprint editions alone total 34,000,000 in print.

NAL also releases this season, two 25¢ Signet volumes, ***THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES*** by Cesare Pavese, and ***THE FANCY DRESS PARTY*** by Alberto Moravia—which reflect its continuing interest in Italian authors. The variety of Signet fiction is shown further by the publication of ***THE OUTSIDER*** by Richard Wright, ***SHILOH*** by Shelby Foote, and ***BELLE*** by Georges Simenon.

SIGNET KEY BOOKS, NAL's new popular nonfiction imprint introduces in the late spring ***DIET TO SUIT YOURSELF*** by Walter Ross, and ***HOW THE GREAT RELIGIONS BEGAN*** by Joseph Gaer.

SIGNET, MENTOR and SIGNET KEY are the trademarks for publishing standards that have inspired confidence in NAL's books, the cream of contemporary and classical literature in every field, for every mood and taste, and most important, within the reach of every purse. SIGNET, MENTOR and SIGNET KEY books are sold in 100,000 bookstores, newsstands, and drugstores. Write for a free catalog.

The New American Library
OF WORLD LITERATURE, INC.
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.
Publishers of SIGNET, MENTOR and SIGNET KEY Books

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In Chicago, native son Frederico Babcock is agitating for a more representative board of judges for the 1955 National Book Awards shindig. "In most past instances," he thunders, "the panel of judges was drawn from bigwigs dwelling along the Atlantic seaboard. If it's to be national, how about authorities from other parts of the country? Midwestern judges, for instance, never would have passed over such great works of our time as Whittaker Chambers's 'Witness' and Charles Lindbergh's 'Spirit of St. Louis.' Maybe those New York boys are right, and we're wrong—but I doubt it. And if this proves me guilty of what they call midwestern provincialism, I'm delighted to take the rap."

● ● In Columbus, Georgia, Nunnally Johnson read about a diminutive Jap who was being hung for dismembering four or five close relatives and remarked tentatively, "There seems to be a little Nip in the air this morning."

● ● In Detroit, a book salesman demanded of Harvey Campbell, "Look! I have the face of Gene Tierney, the torso of Marilyn Monroe, and the legs of Betty Grable. Who am I?" Harvey's prompt rejoinder was, "Who cares who you are? Kiss me!"

● ● In Hollywood, Mike Connolly's column in *The Hollywood Reporter* is read avidly every morning—particularly by other columnists. In one week, Mike told of the customer in the M-G-M barbershop who warned, "Just a shave—I haven't got time to listen to a haircut"; the three-year-old daughter of Margaret Whiting who demurred at appearing on mommy's TV show because "They make you wear pancakes on your face"; the actor who insisted, "You bet he's a top-flight psychiatrist. In three weeks he cured me of $750," and Bob Hope's definition of L.A.'s smog: a nasty rumor started by tourists who insist on breathing. Mike asked Cecil B. De Mille why he made so many Biblical pictures. "Why," chuckled De Mille, "let 2000 years of publicity go to waste?"

● ● In Milwaukee, Mrs. E. Trier, caught marching out of a department store with a variety of articles for which she had neglected to pay, explained to the judge that she had been asked by a stranger to do "research" for a definitive book on shoplifting. Her reward, she added, was to be substantial. The stranger promised to mention her name at least once in the book.

● ● In dogdom, boxers, pinschers, and borzois alike are agog over the rumor that the newly established publishing house of Eberhart and Maule, with offices at the Spitz-Carlton, has undertaken the publication of all Fanny Butcher's illuminating articles on poodles she has known in one stunning dog-eared volume of 974 pages.

● ● In California, one man took a stiff civil service examination to get *into* San Quentin Penitentiary. He is Herman K. Spector, highly regarded Senior Librarian at that institution. In two years of his administration, users of the library, from a possible 4,555 men, increased from 489 to 3,226. The average reader now borrows 100 books a year from the library! One prisoner, talking before a "speech group," electrified his audience by choosing as his subject, "Crime Does Pay." In broken English, he explained, "Being here, I have come to know myself and my faults. Being here, I have attended school, improved my speech, and learned the pleasure of reading good books. Being here, I admit, is not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

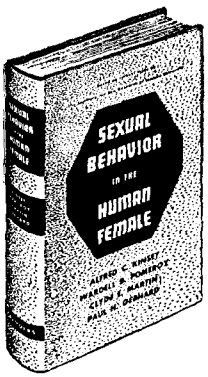
what I'd rather do, but I accept the fact that I made a mistake and now I am making the mistake pay me dividends. My crime did not pay me in dollars but with knowledge. When I leave San Quentin I know I will never come back to this prison or any like it."

● ● In Red Springs, N. C., Flora Perry, librarian of the exclusive Flora McDonald College for the cream of Southern womanhood, noticed that an old Negro worker in the beautiful gardens always was on the job a full hour before any of his fellows. It was no urge to better his position in life, he hastened to explain to Miss Perry. "No, *ma'am*," he continued. "I just likes to breathe air early before other folks have a chance to be sniffin' off'n it."

● ● In Dallas, Liz McMurray's new bookshop is located next door to a branch of those swanky jewelers, Van Cleef and Arpels. She flagged one resident who had just bought a $3,000 tiara to give his wife on St. Valentine's Day. "If you can afford baubles like that," reasoned Liz, "you can also purchase a copy of my husband's book, 'Sam Houston, the Tallest Texan.'" "How much is it, honey chile?" he asked. "A dollar fifty," said Liz. "Shucks," laughed the resident, "if that's all it sells for, send up two hundred." . . . Miss McMurray played a big part in snagging the appropriation for a whopping new Dallas public library. While it's being built, temporary quarters have been established in the railroad terminal, and travel-bent Dallasites are in the fortunate position of being able to book reservations and reserve books at the same time.

● ● In Malibu, an eager young thing heard Eleanor Howard extoling the virtues of Nancy Mitford's "Mme. de Pompadour" and inquired, "Who was De Pompadour anyhow?" "She has been described," said Miss Howard archly, "as a rococo cocotte." "Dear me," sighed the E.Y.T., "since when have you been stuttering?"

● ● In Stamford, Larry Hoyt, of the Walden Book Company, announced the purchase of the Roxanna Wells Lecture Bureau. Under the banner of Walden Programs, the new agency will present a wide array of authors, commentators, poets, and theatrical artists in lecture appearances from coast to coast. Lecturers are a temperamental crew, but when Hoyt heard that the agencies who book them drag down anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent of the take, he realized there was gold in them thar pills.



In Ten Languages

In the months since publication of Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, arrangements have been completed for its translation into French, German, Italian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Dutch, Finnish and Norwegian.

The Kinsey Report is, without any question, an epochal work. It belongs in your library. See a copy at your bookstore today.

842 pages. $8.00 at any bookseller.

W. B. Saunders Company Philadelphia 5, Pa

The first new novel in nine years by

Christopher Isherwood

An unorthodox story of marriage by the author of *Prater Violet* and *The Berlin Stories*

The World in the Evening

At all bookstores, $3.50, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What are American mass cultural methods doing to American culture?

HERE is a provocative, stimulating discussion of the problem by twelve distinguished writers, who analyze what's wrong with American culture, and suggest what can be done about it. They focus their attention on mass communications and education, and make a plea for greater concentration on individual taste, and less on the desire to please everybody at the same time. This book brings together writings that originally appeared in *The Saturday Review.*

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
on the Tyranny of the Average

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
on Books

ALISTAIR COOKE
on the Press

GILBERT SELDES
on Radio and TV

NORMAN COUSINS
on the Creative Artist

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG
on Business and Culture

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD
on Higher Education

JOHN W. DODDS
on Humanistic Values

C. W. de KIEWIET
on Educational Awareness

GEORGE F. KENNAN
on Cultural Intolerance

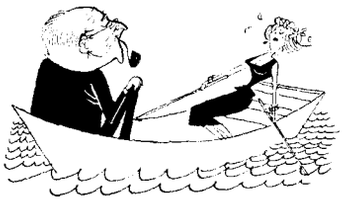
D. W. BROGAN
on the Taste of the Common Man

IS THE COMMON MAN TOO COMMON?

An informal survey of our cultural resources and what we are doing about them
At all bookstores, $2.75, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, Norman, Okla.

Walden Programs has opened offices at the Algonquin, 59 West 44th Street, New York.

● ● In Miami Beach, the aging author of a half dozen inspirational novels turned up with a ravishing if



gaboring miss in tow, explaining she was his "niece." The niece walked out on him three days later, disillusioned with the literary life. "Not only did he lie to me about the size of his yacht," she complained to newsman Jack Kofoed, "but he made me do the rowing."

● ● In a story for INS, Pat Robinson lists as the greatest buys in American history the Louisiana Purchase (what is now sixteen entire states for 27 million dollars); Alaska for $7,600,000; Manhattan Island for $24; Stymie (a colt that won over a million bucks) for peanuts; and Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Hans Wagner, and Connie Mack's famous infield of McInnis, Collins, Barry, and Baker for a few more of the same. Robinson has overlooked two outright buys in the literary field that turned out rather well: Emil Ludwig's "Napoleon" for $500, and

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 574

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 574 will be found in the next issue.

WCDZD RYA'W E XMLEA

RA WCD XMZKU XCM

XMVKUA'W KMGD WM CEGD

E LEA XMZO LRZETKDY

SMZ CDZ.—C. Q. XDKKY.

Answer to No. 573

People read fiction, I suppose, for the sake of the emotions which it awakes in them.—Ben Ames Williams.

Just Published: the new book of DOUBLE-CROSTICS Series 32, by Doris Nash Wortman

Send today for your copy of the most fascinating paper-and-pencil game book ever invented for literate people. The new book of Kingsley DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 32, contains 50 puzzles never before published. Each looks like a cross-word and combines the fun of solving a Literary Quiz, an Acrostic, and a Cryptogram. If you've never tried one, it will take you three minutes flat to learn how. Send us the coupon. Postman will deliver package containing hours of good fun. Price $1.95

don't miss the latest DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS

Series 2

This is the second big collection of puzzles from Double-Crostics books now out of print. It contains 80 beauties from Series 14, 15, and 16. A real bargain for fans who missed the early books. Get one for yourself and send one to a good friend who isn't a D-C fan yet, but will be the minute he gets started. Only $1

To your bookseller, or
The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, New York

Please send me....copies of KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 32, price $1.95 each. (Add 25¢ per book for postage and handling.)

....copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS, Series 2, $1.00 each. (Add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

I am enclosing remittance for $.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....ZONE....STATE.....

New York residents add 3% city sales tax.

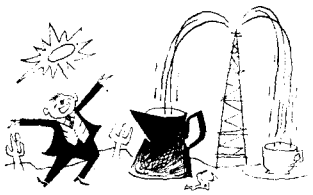
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" for $1,000.

● ● In Brantford, Ontario, the newest public school has been named after the town's most distinguished native son, Thomas B. Costain. Tom returned home to deliver the principal talk at the opening ceremonies.

● ● In Southern California, virtually every bookseller seems to be a columnist in his spare time. Bob Campbell has a weekly feature in the *Mirror*, Leslie Hood of Vroman's and Lou Epstein of the Pickwick take turns pontificating in the *News*, and Lloyd Severe, Marion Hunter, and Rachel Brand, they say, are being wooed actively by (1) the *Times*, (2) *Fortnight*, and (3) *The Turkey Breeders' Gazette*. Being canny booksellers, they reserve the right to return all publicity notes for full credit.

● ● In Houston, Ned Moss, a delivery boy at Ted Brown's Bookshop for exactly four months, has just bought himself a Cadillac. He even gives the



boss a lift occasionally. Probably he's related to that oil zillionaire who drilled a new oil well and, with proverbial luck, struck coffee by mistake.

● ● In *Variety*, Harry Sauber told about a writer, in search of material, who interviewed a bit player on a major lot. How did he become an aspiring movie actor? Well, explained the player, he had been a handler in a Forty-Second-Street flea circus, and had been bitten by Felix, the star flea of the troupe. While recuperating, he came to the coast for a visit and drifted into films. "I've heard plenty of people say it," enthused the writer, "but you are positively the first person who actually became an actor because he was bitten by an acting bug."

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of last week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1055)

KATHERINE DUNHAM:
(NOTES) ON THE DANCE

For the large body of the population, it is always a dancing through life of one's emotions, experiences, joys, sufferings—a dancing out of oneself that makes life bearable, because the life of the Haitian peasant is not an easy one.

A BORZOI BOOK

The deeply moving and tenderly ironic tale of a strange deception

THE BLACK SWAN
by
THOMAS MANN

The story of a woman who sought to recover her lost youth. Once more Thomas Mann reveals his mastery of psychological analysis and his profound perceptions into the mysterious realm where the physical and the spiritual meet.

$2.75 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

#1 in the nation
Morton Thompson's
NOT AS A STRANGER

948 pages $4.75

At all bookstores
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PHOTO-ESSAY SURVEY
SPECIAL PUBLIC LIBRARY SERVICES IN AMERICA
The Saturday Review—June 26th

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics Happy At Their Work

"With subtle intelligence and artful craftsmanship, in a prose as smooth and firm and bright as the skin of a perfect apple, with a phonographic ear for dialogue, Peter tells his stories." *Orville Prescott, N.Y. Times* "*The Romantic Egoists* is a book which induces admiration, delight, and gratitude . . . The writing is modest, precise, and beautifully controlled. In every story, close to the end, there is an effect similar to that of a light's being quietly turned on, to illuminate in fine, warm clarity these chosen aspects of the world of Peter Westcott." *Richard Sullivan, Chicago Tribune* from the reviews of **THE ROMANTIC EGOISTS** by ***Louis Auchincloss*** $3.00

"Great human document . . . miles above other books on this theme. It gives a genuine, from-the-heart picture not only of the Russian barbarity but of how the occupation and scarcity of food corrupted the author's friends and neighbors." *Richard Blakesley, Chicago Tribune* "Unassuming, moving and terrifying chronicle . . . Mrs. Horstmann's account should be read by everyone: its Goyaesque scenes illuminate the ravished face of Central Europe in our century." *Richard Plant, N.Y. Times* "This is more than just a memoir of horror, for the author is a woman of civilized feelings, highly developed perception, and courage. There is remembered fear in the book, and remembered pain and terror, but not one sigh of self-pity." *New Yorker* "So large, calm, steady and whole is her vision, so quiet is her manner, that details historians will use pass the eye almost before their full significance takes hold . . . Above all, you will remember from this moving and important book Lali Horstmann's faith in values that survive even such scenes as reminded her of Goya's Disasters of War." *John K. Hutchens, N.Y. Herald Tribune* from the reviews of **WE CHOSE TO STAY** by ***Lali Horstmann*** $3.00

"His work is as superior to the run-of-the-mill murder mystery as Beluga caviar is to salmon's eggs." *Charles Rolo, The Atlantic Monthly* "Chandler's world has a rasping authenticity, from its lingo to its lingerie." *Time* "Excellent . . . Mr. Chandler, as you know, has been praised by Somerset Maugham as the brilliant master of the callous caballero school of whomdidits. *The Long Goodbye* may well be hailed as the old master's masterpiece." *Charles Poore, N.Y. Times* "The amazingly ramified plot is managed with awesome skill. Standout." *Avis DeVoto, Boston Globe* "As usual, he adds a couple of dimensions to the mystery story, passes out more good dividends than U.S. Steel, and ends up right where he was before — the best in the business." *Scott O'Dell, Los Angeles News* "It is also a good example of why Chandler, a master of sarcasm, wit and suspense, is the best living writer of mysteries that we have." *Richard O'Brien, Dallas Times Herald* from the reviews of **THE LONG GOODBYE** by ***Raymond Chandler*** $3.00

"One of the best novels so far published this year . . . a remarkable accomplishment . . . He has the blessed good sense, increasingly rare in young novelists today, to know that his function is to create interesting people and involve them in interesting situations." *Orville Prescott, N.Y. Times* "A three-dimensional study of some of the nicest people you've met in years. You'll not only like them, you'll know them better than you know most of your neighbors." *LaFayette L. Marchand, Boston Globe* from the reviews of **LOVE IS A BRIDGE** by ***Charles Bracelen Flood*** $3.75

"Garrison managed in the space of twenty-odd years to debauch himself to a degree that has seldom, if ever, been equalled. His memoir, which tells the story of this phrenetic descent, has just been rescued from oblivion . . . It is a ghastly and a gripping document." *Berton Roueche, New Yorker* from a review of **BEHOLD ME ONCE MORE,** edited by ***Walter McIntosh Merrill*** $3.00

"This is one of the richest and freshest collections of wonder tales in many years . . . filled with exquisitely dainty and unworldly illustrations. All in all — an amazing book bargain for these high-priced days." *Edward Wagenknecht, Chicago Tribune* from a review of **A TREASURY OF FRENCH TALES** by ***Henri Pourrat*** $3.00

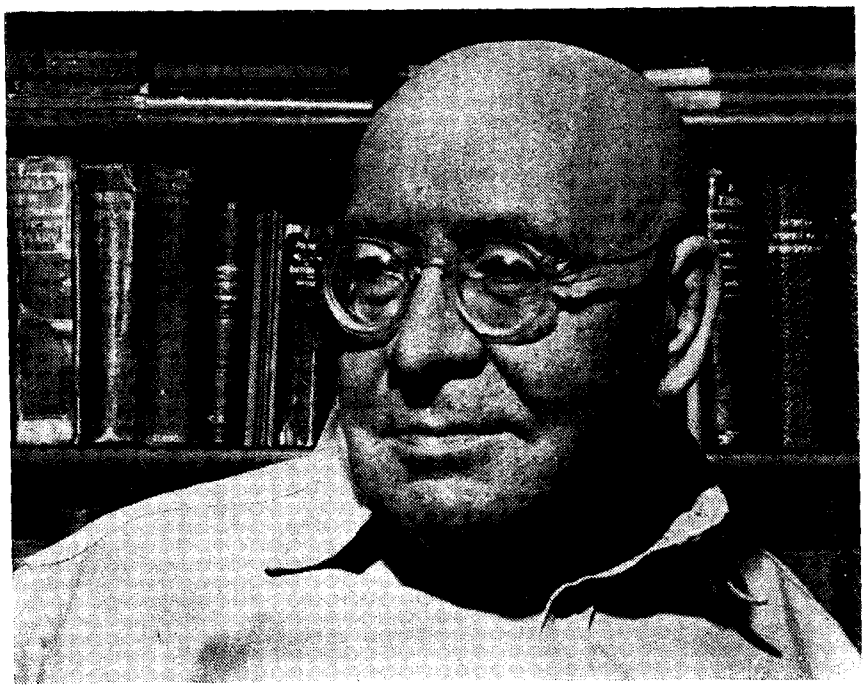
VICTORIAN CHAISE LONGUE by ***Marghanita Laski*** is just published and not yet reviewed This is a sampling from English critics: "Ferocious power." *Manchester Guardian* "Stacked every card against herself to make her final really-grand slam more miraculous." *London Time and Tide* "*A tour de force* is not necessarily a *chef d'oeuvre. This one is.*" *London Observer* "No reader is going to *dare* fall asleep." *London Time and Tide* $2.75

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
JUNE 19, 1954

KORZYBSKI *and Semantics*



By STUART CHASE

Alfred Korzybski was a mathematician and philosopher whose studies in the science of meaning, or semantics, have been compared, in their far-reaching importance, to the work of Einstein in the field of physics. Semantics, as Mario Pei has observed, lies "at the very heart and core not merely of language, but of human civilization." This introduction to Korzybski and semantics has been adapted by Stuart Chase from material published in his recent book, "Power of Words."

SEMANTICS is a department in the overall study of communication, along with linguistics, cybernetics, perception theory, and many other disciplines. Among those who contributed importantly to it are Ogden and Richards, Rudolf Carnap, Bertrand Russell, and various other scientists. But the most colorful, newsworthy, and perhaps original of them all was Alfred Korzybski. Though he created no earth-shaking new philosophy, he dramatized an idea of great import and made it appeal to a wide audience. He helped to place it in the advancing field of social science, the field that Alexander Pope once called the proper study of mankind.

I followed Korzybski's work with interest, excitement, and some frustration for many years, and am grateful for the wholesome shock my nervous system received when I first read his magnum opus, "Science and Sanity." It forced me to recognize the unconscious assumptions imbedded in the language, which I as a writer had been calmly accepting. Nature, he said, does not work the way our language works, and he proceeded to give shrewd suggestions for a closer relationship. He called his approach "General Semantics."

As I knew him in his later years—he was seventy when he died in 1950—he had the general aspect of an amiable Buddha, bald as a newel post, with kindly, intelligent eyes behind vast, round spectacles, and a rich, rolling Polish accent. He was rude, formidable, oververbalized, and strangely appealing—for all I know an authentic genius.

PIECING together parts of his background, we note that he was a count from a proud and ancient family, with an estate in the country and properties in Warsaw. Trained as a chemical engineer at the Warsaw Polytechnic Institute, he read widely in law, mathematics, and philosophy. He was also, we are told, handsome and a bit wild, as befitted a young nobleman. In World War I he served on the Grand Duke's staff, was twice wounded, and then came to America as an artillery expert for the Czarist Russian Army. He added English to his five Continental languages, and while he never got his phonemes straight, he acquired great fluency and came to prefer it. He wrote his books and articles in English and thought in this language. He married a talented American portrait painter, Mira Edgerly, and later became an American citizen.

He published two books and a score

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of papers, none of them easy to read. When he conducted an oral seminar, however, with a full display of gestures and his wonderful accent, the communication line was clear most of the time. I can see him now, reaching stout, muscular arms into the air and wiggling two fingers of each hand to make the "quote" sign, somewhat the way Churchill made the "V" sign. In semantics quotation marks around a word mean: "Beware, it's loaded!"

Korzybski's chief claim to fame will rest, I think, on "Science and Sanity," difficult as it is. His earlier book, "Manhood of Humanity" is shorter and less difficult. Its thesis is that man is distinguished from the rest of earth's creatures by his language and the ability to pass down what he learns from one generation to the next. Even the most intelligent elephant has to begin over with each generation. "The proper life of man as *man*, is not life-in-space like that of the animals, but life-in-time. . . . Bound-up time is literally the core and substance of civilization." This passing-down process, to which Korzybski gives the name "time-binding," runs parallel with the culture concept of the anthropologists.

After publishing "Manhood of Humanity," Korzybski spent ten years of intensive work preparing for and writing "Science and Sanity." It was published in 1933 at the bottom of the Depression—hardly an auspicious year to bring out an expensive book. In it Korzybski explored relativity, quantum theory, colloid chemistry, biology, neurology, psychology, psychiatry, mathematical logic, and what was then available by other students of communication theory and semantics. The question he set himself to answer was how the structure of language could be brought closer to the structure of the space-time world. He cited the new talk of scientists, following the Einstein revolution. If physicists could teach themselves to communicate more clearly about atoms and nebulae, would it not be possible for the rest of us do likewise about politics, economics, and human relations?

The word "semantics" first appeared in dictionaries about fifty years ago, defined as "studies having to do with signification or meaning." The Society for General Semantics in Chicago has issued two short, comprehensive definitions, as follows:

Semantics . . . . The systematic study of meaning.

General Semantics . . . . The study and improvement of human evaluative processes with special emphasis on the relation to signs and symbols, including language.

Note the accent on "evaluation" in defining General Semantics. Whenever we become conscious about the meaning of a context—"What is the Senator trying to say?" . . . . "How can I tell her more clearly?" . . . . "What kind of double talk is that?"—we are practising elementary semantics.

The goals of General Semantics are three:

1.) To help the individual evaluate his world. As our environment grows more and more complex, greater precision is needed to interpret it.

2.) To improve communication between A and B, also within and between groups of all sizes.

3.) To aid in clearing up mental illness. General Semantics was used with good results by Dr. Douglas Kelley in the treatment of some 7,000 battle-shock cases in World War II.

Korzybski, together with other semanticists, was shy of "high order terms," the phrase he employed to characterize vague verbal abstractions. He went so far as to construct a little gadget of wood and metal to help the user analyze verbal abstractions. Watching one's step on abstraction ladders is not as academic as it sounds. For example, what do the following words mean? What can A and B both point to so they may find some common ground in discussing them?

American Way	Labor Agitators
Appeasement	Leftist, Rightist
Balanced Budget	Loyalty, Security
Big Business	Monopoly
Bureaucracy	New Deal
Communism	Socialized Medicine
Creeping Socialism	Spending
Democracy	Statism
Fascism	Subversives
Free Enterprise	Totalitarianism
Free World	Wall Street
Government Interference	Welfare State

Two or more citizens can start an argument on any of these terms which may rage for hours without a referent in sight, beyond "Uh, I knew a man whose brother had it straight that. . . ." Yet down the ladder below these words are events and issues of the first importance which Americans must face. Every item in the list belongs in Korzybski's upraised fingers: "Quote—unquote. Beware, it's loaded!" Such terms are in marked contrast to low-order terms like "100° F.," "my cat there," "pure oxygen," "the key of C-sharp minor," "40 M.P.H." When I was writing "The Tyranny of Words," everybody was talking, if not shouting loudly, about "Fascism." I asked a hundred persons from various walks of life to tell me what they meant by Fascism. They shared a common dislike for the term, but no two agreed what it meant. There were fifteen distinguishable, and contradictory, concepts in the answers submitted. This gave an idea of the chaos involved in the indiscriminate use of high order terms.

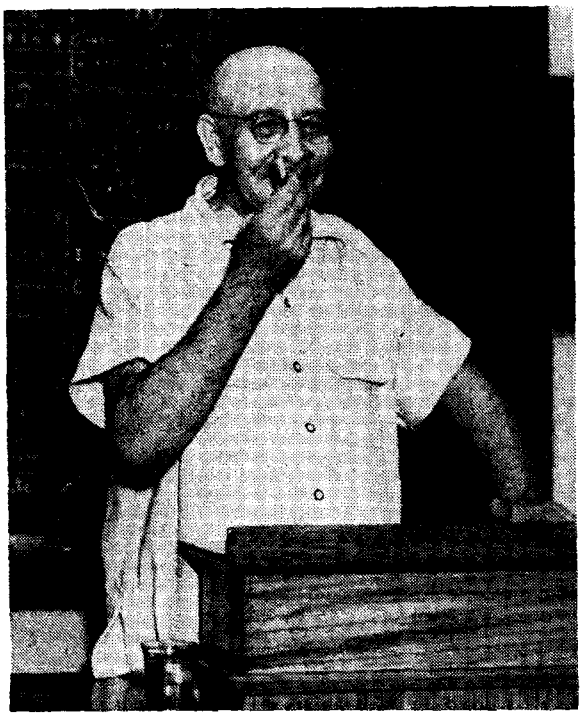
Today, Fascism is out of style and everybody is talking, or shouting, about "Communism." Reporters from the *Capital Times* in Madison, Wisconsin, asked 197 persons on the street to answer the question: "What is a Communist?" Here are some of the replies:

Farmer: "They are no good to my notion. I can't figure out what they are."

Stenographer: "If a person didn't have a religion I would be tempted to believe he was a Communist."

Housewife: "I really don't know what a Communist is. I think they should throw them out of the White House."

(*Continued on page* 46)



"Quotation marks mean: 'Beware, it's loaded!'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Meeting Authors

By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

MANY people, when going to a party where they expect to meet an author, feel they must "bone up" on him first. The usual procedure is to get a sample of his works from the local lending library and give it a quick skimming. They do this in a deep-seated belief that an author can talk about nothing but his books, just as they believe that a painter can discuss only his canvases and a composer his music, as though the artist were a kind of narcissistic idol who dwelt in a constant, glazed contemplation of his own belly.

In actual fact, the chances are that the writer has come to the party to get away from his work, and if he was in a mood to discuss it, it would not be with strangers. It is not that he is oversensitive or temperamental (though he may indeed be both), but it is not fun for him to be asked a dozen times in a single evening whether he uses a pen or a pencil and why modern writers pick such "unpleasant" subjects. For those, therefore, who do not wish to make him squirm (and there is no reason, of course, that they shouldn't) I have made a little list of four "don'ts." This list has the added advantage of being usable with most other artists—except, of course, the actors who, for reasons of their own, like to talk shop at all times and with all people. To them, perhaps, all the world really is a stage.

1. DON'T ASK THE WRITER FOR THE TITLES OF HIS BOOKS. If you don't know, let it go. Being a relatively obscure author, most people whom I meet have no idea that I write at all. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but sooner or later I have to face up to the all-American question of: "What do you *do*?" When told, my interlocutor will cry "How wonderful!" and immediately demand: "What have you written?" Now that sounds like a simple, natural question, but it is an unhappy fact that most authors tend to be shy about their titles and hate to pronounce them in public. It is one thing if the title is readily self-explainable like "The Rape of Lucrece," but suppose you have to confess, as I have had, to "The Injustice Collectors"? You mouth it shyly, reluctantly; you're forced to repeat it, even to spell it; and in the end your interlocutor, with a stern, perhaps even a hostile look, will want to know: "What's it about?" And any author who can answer *that* question amid the chatter of the cocktail party, before eyes glazed with perfunctory interest, needn't have written the book in the first place.

2. DON'T TELL THE AUTHOR THAT YOU HAVEN'T READ HIM. It is surprising how many people feel that they are committing a fraud if they don't make immediate public confession to an author of the full limits of their unfamiliarity with his work. The best of these somewhat aggressively modest people are the "I'm ashamed to say I haven't read your book" kind. There's really nothing wrong with this except that when encountered several times consecutively at the same party it begins to have a dull, rejecting effect. Much worse, of course, is that created by the hearty gentleman, presumably gifted in affairs of finance, who likes to assure the writer, with a bland smile that seems to challenge the relative social values of their professions, that he *never* reads fiction. Would it occur to the worthy gentleman to tell a manufacturer of chocolate bars that he hated candy or a hard-working mother that he detested children? Authors have feelings too.

3. DON'T GUSH. The gusher is the most frequently lampooned of the writer's social problems. Invariably female, and usually middle-aged, she justifies her aggressions on the theory that nobody really minds praise, a normally sound proposition that only a person of her determination could upset. And upset it she does, with a vengeance. She plants herself squarely in front of her victim and annihilates him with an "I loved your book!" shouted several times in rapid succession. When he scrambles back to his feet to murmur the gratitude that seems to be expected, she mows him down again with a "Don't *thank* me. I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't *meant* it!"

It may be ungracious of me to criticize the gusher, for it is on her broad and undiscriminating shoulders that the cause of literature must, in the last analysis, find its precarious support, but I nonetheless submit that the receipt of violent praise, delivered in ringing tones and directed straight into the face from close and damp quarters, is something less than a gratifying experience.

4. DON'T ASK HIM IF HE WANTS YOUR "FRANK" OPINION. Almost everyone feels entitled to tell an author what's wrong with his book, especially those who preface their comments with the apologetic "Now mind you, I'm no literary critic." What they fail to realize is that the writer generally knows himself what's wrong, even if he won't admit it and hates to hear it said. This rather truculent pride can be a valuable defense to him and should be respected. Don't forget that he has his own jury of agents, editors, and friends whose exuberantly unvarnished opinions he *has* to listen to. He doesn't want yours. He's too pigheaded.

At this point the reader is probably beginning to be irritated. Who do these writers think they are, anyway? What *can* one talk to one of them about? The answer is simple. Whatever you'd talk to anyone else about. And don't worry. After fifteen minutes of this treatment he'll break down and slip in some reference to his own work, even asking, with a shy, self-deprecatory smile, if you happen to have read his latest. And then give him the works. It's on *his* head now.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Critics Take to Their Hammocks

FOR the first time since *The Saturday Review* began polling the nation's literary editors as to their preferences among current books half a dozen years ago, a title that won a place among the leaders in one season has reappeared among the toppers in the following season and, indeed, actually improved its position with the passing of time. The book is "The Dollmaker," Harriette Arnow's novel about Kentucky hillbillies lost in the jungles of a large industrial city, which came in sixth in *SR*'s spring poll and now wins first place in the summer poll. The phenomenon is further testimony that Mrs. Arnow has written an extraordinarily fine novel, one that merits serious consideration by the Pulitzer Prize judges.

The reappearance of this and many other titles published last spring on the new season's list underscores another fact that people in the book trade are talking about somewhat anxiously these days: one of the quietest spring book seasons within anyone's memory is about to be followed by an even quieter summer. Lest we sound too dismal, we hasten to point out that an abundance of fine reading on a wide variety of subjects is represented in the 128 books named by 26 book editors on the staffs of leading newspapers in all sections of the country who responded to *SR*'s seasonal invitation to suggest ten currently published books that they deem worthy of the attention of discriminating readers.

The eight works nominated most frequently are:

"The Dollmaker," by Harriette Arnow, ten votes.
"The Reason Why," by Cecil Woodham-Smith, nine votes.
"Sweet Thursday," by John Steinbeck, nine votes.
"Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead," recorded by Lucien Price, seven votes.
"The Fables of Fontaine," translated by Marianne Moore, six votes.
"The Fall of a Titan," by Igor Gouzenko, six votes.
"General Dean's Story," by Major General William F. Dean, as told to William L. Worden, six votes.
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," by Erich Maria Remarque, six votes.

In the hope that you will find the critics' recommendations useful as a guide to your summer reading, we publish the complete list below. The descriptions after the titles are the work of Whitney Balliett, who compiles *SR*'s JUST PUBLISHED list each week. The names in brackets are those of the critics making the nominations.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

NINE VOTES

THE REASON WHY. *By Cecil Woodham-Smith. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $4.
A history, done as a double biography of the two responsibles, the Earl of Cardigan and the Earl of Lucan, of the disastrous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava where seven hundred, not six hundred, plunged down at the Russian guns, and 195 returned. Miss Woodham-Smith was also the author of the recent biography of Florence Nightingale. (Bond, Cady, Dolbier, Flowers, Hormel, O'Neill, Shockley, Snajdr, Wyllie.)

SEVEN VOTES

DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. *Recorded by Lucien Price. Little, Brown.* $5.
A volume of conversations overheard at the home of the distinguished Harvard mathematician-philosopher during the last and most fruitful years of his life. (Barkham, Cross, Dolbier, North, Shockley, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

SIX VOTES

THE FABLES OF FONTAINE. *Translated by Marianne Moore. Viking Press.* $5.
It has taken Miss Moore, present heavyweight champion of American poets, some eight years to complete this translation, which includes an introduction by her, and all 241 of the poems. (Bond, Dolbier, Herzberg, Smith, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY. *By Major General William F. Dean, as told to William L. Worden. Viking Press.* $5.
The incredible story of the capture and two years' imprisonment spent in North Korea by the Marine general. (Bond, Morrissey, O'Neill, Shockley, T. B. Sherman, Smith.)

FIVE VOTES

MY MISSION TO SPAIN. *By Claude G. Bowers. Simon & Schuster.* $6.
An account of the six rubbery years the author spent in Spain as our ambassador watching that country succumbing to the sleeping sickness of totalitarianism. His book, which is based on his diaries, recorded conversations, and dispatches, ends at the outbreak of World War II. (Bond, Flowers, Herzberg, Hormel, Morrissey.)

OF WHALES AND MEN. *By R. B. Robertson. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
A buoyant, smelly, witty, new-eyed view of the modern whaling industry as it operates in the southern oceans, by a practising English doctor who went along for a vacation and because he was curious. The time is eight months out of 1950. (Babcock, Hormel, O'Neill, Smith, Snajdr.)

FOUR VOTES

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY. *By Ben Hecht. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
The fillipping autobiography of an all-around laureate, who, in his fifty-five years, has made money writing plays, novels, short stories, television dramas, and movies, and whose travels have taken him from Racine to Germany to Florida to Hollywood to Chicago. (Barkham, Cross, Flowers, Kogan.)

END OF INNOCENCE. *By Jonathan Daniels. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $2.50.
A mural-sized memoir about the author's childhood days in Washington, D.C., where his father, Josephus, was Secretary of the Navy, FDR was Assistant Secretary, and Woodrow Wilson was at the helm. (Bradley, Flowers, Kogan, Morrissey.)

U. S. GRANT AND THE AMERICAN MILITARY TRADITION. *By Bruce Catton. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
Mr. Catton, fresh from the National Book Award ceremonies, has here put together a biography of General Grant, a man whose life has been well befogged by misinformation down the years. Special attention is paid Grant's place in our military traditions. (Barkham, Cady, Hormel, John Sherman.)

WHERE WE CAME OUT. *By Granville Hicks. Viking Press.* $3.50.
An examination, by one who was there and was involved, of the climate and conditions of the late Twenties and early Thirties in this country which caused many young intellectuals to turn toward Communism. Mr. Hicks, who is an able critic and novelist, also outlines what he believes to be the course we should now follow in ridding ourselves of the Red menace and its accompanying fears. (Herzberg, Rothermel, John Sherman, T. B. Sherman.)

THREE VOTES

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN. *By Jerry Allen. Little, Brown & Co.* $4.50.
A new critical biography of America's first great public laugher, which covers everything from the earliest days in Hannibal, Missouri, or Porkopolis, as it was called in those days, to the final years of fame and dark shadows. (Cady, North, John Sherman.)

JOURNEY TO THE FAR AMAZON. *By Alain Gheerbrant. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
An account of a scientific expedition taken by three Frenchmen and a Colombian into the misty jungles of Venezuela, Colombia, and Brazil. The author is an ethnographer. (Bradley, John Sherman, Yeiser.)

MADAME DE POMPADOUR. *By Nancy Mitford. Random House.* $4.75.
Miss Mitford, who writes English novels full of prickles and ice cubes, has here put together an affectionate picture of the French lady who kept Louis XV practising his *entrechats*. (Morrissey, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL. *By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
A review of the strenuous life and times of Teddy Roosevelt, with special attention given to his life with Mrs. Roosevelt and their six children at the pleasant retreat in Oyster Bay, Long Island, which was recently made a national shrine. To be published August 16. (Babcock, Hormel, North.)

THE SECOND TREE FROM THE CORNER. *By E. B. White. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A big armful of the neat, beautiful sentences E. B. White has been putting together for the past twenty years or so. Included is his choice, in verse and prose, of the best things he has written during that time for such magazines as *The New Yorker, Atlantic,* and *Harper's*. (Barkham, McManis, Wyllie.)

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT. *By Frederic Wertham. Rinehart & Co.* $4.
The newest report, by a practising psychiatrist, of his findings on the reading habits (ninety million comic books a month) of our bubble-gum chewing population. (Cady, O'Neill, North.)

UNDER MILK WOOD. *By Dylan Thomas. New Directions.* $3.
A play, originally written for radio, and here given in the author's final revision, about a ghosty, windy, brawling spring day in a small Welsh coastal town. (John Sherman, Smith, Wyllie.)

TWO VOTES

BACK OF HISTORY. *By Williams Howells. Doubleday & Co.* $5.
A warm, leisurely history that runs from his raw-meat beginnings to his present at Pavillon of the oddest creature in the world—Man. (Babcock, Bond.)

BLEEDING KANSAS. *By Alice Nichols. Oxford University Press.* $4.50.
A history of the seven bloody, rumbulent years that passed between the time Kansas be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came a territory and a state, and of the plots and counter-plots perpetrated there in an effort to make the area abolitionist or pro-slavery (Smith, Hass.)

THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE. *By Harrison Brown. Viking Press.* $3.75.
An earnest and good-sized tremble for man's future on this wrinkled earth, by a geochemist, who believes that we can survive if we don't first blow each other asunder, and if we learn to use our natural resources properly, as well as such other resources as plankton, the sun, the tides, and the rocks. (North, T. B. Sherman.)

CHINESE GORDON. *By Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Funk & Wagnalls.* $4.
A biography of one of the strangest pillars of Queen Victoria's Empire, Charles George Gordon. (Bond, Cady.)

AN ENGLISH YEAR. *By Nan Fairbrother. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
An account of a year spent by the author during the war with her two young sons in a sixteenth-century farmhouse in Buckinghamshire replete with Elizabethan nooks, hidden passageways, and sudden closets. (Hass, Hormel.)

THE GOLDEN ECHO. *By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $4.
The first volume of Mr. Garnett's autobiography, in which he tells of a childhood surrounded by such as Conrad, Ford Madox Ford, Galsworthy, Wells, Henry James, and W. H. Hudson, and of his own emergence in the Bloomsbury set of J. M. Keynes, Lytton Strachey, and Virginia Woolf. The years covered are 1892-1914. (Dolbier, Yeiser.)

THE JOURNEY. *By Lillian Smith. World Publishing Co.* $3.50.
A spiritual autobiography by the author of "Strange Fruit." (Cross, Rothermel.)

The Critics

THIS is the sixth summer *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-six editors participating are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark, [N.J.] Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
RALPH MORRISSEY, *Nashville Banner*
STERLING NORTH, North Weekly Book Review Service
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDON SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

THE MEASURE OF MAN. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
Mr. Krutch's second survey of the state of our culture. "The Modern Temper," published some twenty-five years ago, was the first (North, John Sherman.)

MINE THE HARVEST. *By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A collection of some of the poems Miss Millay was working on at the time of her death, plus a few earlier and unpublished ones. There are sixty-seven in all. (Little, North.)

THE NEGRO AND THE SCHOOLS. *By Harry S. Ashmore. University of North Carolina Press.* $2.75.
A study of segregation in American schools that has been put together by some forty researchers under the direction of Mr. Ashmore, and financed by the Ford Foundation. (Herzberg, Rothermel.)

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE. *By Gerald Carson. Oxford University Press.* $5.
A relaxed, by-the-fire inquiry into that old and lost culture the American general store, which is, at the same time, a loose history of retail merchandising from 1790 to 1921. The author is a retired advertising man. (Shockley, Snajdr.)

THE SEVEN MEN OF SPANDAU. *By Jack Fishman. Rinehart & Co.* $3.50.
A report of the lives now being led by the seven German war criminals who survived the Nuremberg trials. They are, in case you've forgotten, Hess, von Schirach, Walter Funk, Doenitz, Raeder, Speer, and Baron von Neurath. (Babcock, Tinkle.)

THE SPANISH TEMPER. *By V. S. Pritchett. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
An English literary critic's description and analysis of the land of Don Quixote. (T. B. Sherman, Wyllie.)

STRATEGY FOR THE WEST. *By Sir John Slessor. William Morrow.* $3.
A head-to-foot assessment of the free world's present position in relation to the big bears on the other side of the Iron Curtain. The author, who also develops here his theories about practical air defense, is an air tactics expert. (Flowers, Herzberg.)

THE TAFT STORY. *By William S. White. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A biography of the late Senator by one of the best political reporters of *The New York Times.* (T. B. Sherman, Shockley.)

THE WAY OF THE FOUR WINDS. *Yrjo Kokko. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $5.
A chronicle of the three years the author spent living in Lapland in northern Scandanavia—a place where the four winds of the world nod together, the sun shines forever, and reindeer are as common as Chevrolets are here. (Dolbier, Hass.)

WE CHOSE TO STAY. *By Lali Horstmann. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
An account of three terrible years Mme. Horstmann spent on her family's country estate a few miles east of Berlin after the Russians arrived in 1945. (Cross, Hass.)

ONE VOTE

AMERICAN THOUGHT: A Critical Sketch. *By Morris R. Cohen. The Free Press.* $5.
A critical study of the American mind and how it has worked on such things as scientific thought, political thought, religious thought, and so forth. (Herzberg.)

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *By Charles A. Fenton. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $5.
A critical work developed from a Ph.D. thesis, which concentrates on the earlier environments and influential forces (G. Stein, Pound, Joyce) that shaped Papa into what he is today. (Babcock.)

ART UNDER A DICTATORSHIP. *By Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt. Oxford University Press.* $5.50.
A study of how the Nazis converted the arts into mediums for their propaganda. (Morrissey.)

THE ARTS AT MID-CENTURY. *Edited by Robert Richman. Horizon Press.* $5.
A collection of twenty-five essays, celebrating and assessing the present condition of all the arts throughout the world. Most of the book first appeared in *The New Republic*, and some of the contributors are Eric Bentley, Malcom Cowley, Elizabeth Bowen, Archibald Macleish, Kathleen Raine, Mark Schorer, and Allen Tate. (Yeiser.)

AS IT HAPPENED: The Autobiography of Clement Attlee. *Viking Press.* $5.
Memoirs from the mouse-colored man, who has been nominal head of the British Labour Party these twenty years, which tell of his middle class youth, Oxford, early days as a social worker in London's Limehouse district, his being deputy prime minister under Winnie, and the final rise by himself to P.M. (Shockley.)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE. *By Marion King. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
A tenderized recall of the last fifty years or so in the life of New York City's oldest library, the Society Library, by that institution's present head. (Hass.)

BREAK DOWN THE WALLS. *By John Bartlow Martin. Ballantine Books. Clothbound,* $3.50. *Paperbound,* 50¢.
A description of recent prison uprisings and an analysis of the penological and sociological conditions that caused them. (Snajdr.)

THE BUFFALO HUNTERS. *By Mari Sandoz. Hastings House.* $4.50.
A panorama, by the author of "Cheyenne Autumn," of the thundering days of hunting and hiding between 1867 and 1883 when the great buffalo herds in the West dwindled from a veritable ocean to a few hundreds. (Bradley.)

THE BURR CONSPIRACY. *By Thomas Perkins Abernethy. Oxford University Press.* $6.
A retelling of the mysterious conspiracy instigated by Aaron Burr in 1806, which might have separated the western part of the country from the East, thus setting up a new nation with Burr as its head. (Morrissey.)

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE. *By Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $2.75.
Some of the dry, spacious dynamite Mr. Davis has been planting these many years in the minds of the narrow, the reactionary, the isolated. Based on a series of articles and speeches published and delivered in the past year or two. (Barkham.)

CAVE DRAWINGS FOR THE FUTURE. *By Abner Dean. The Dial Press.* $3.50.
A new collection of cartoons of those bare-bottomed people Mr. Dean likes to draw. (Wyllie.)

THE CHISOLM TRAIL. *By Wayne Gard. University of Oklahoma Press.* $4.50.
A history of the great swath the cattlemen of Texas cut from the southern tip of that state to Abilene, Kansas, and over which they drove millions of cattle for sale and slaughter. The years: 1867 to about 1880. (Bradley.)

CONFEDERATE AGENT: A Secret History. *By James D. Horan. Crown Publishers.* $5.
An account, based primarily on original sources of a little-known attempted conspiracy within the North, which a Confederate captain.
(*Continued on page* 44)

—From "Country Matt"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Literates View Art

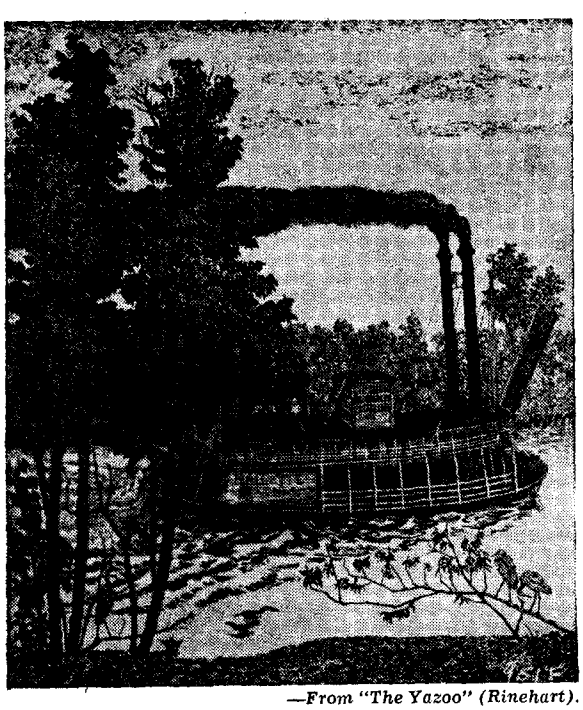
THE FIRST post-impressionist exhibition [in Britain] was held in 1910, and all our friends in Hampstead were eagerly talking about it. . . . Most of us regarded them as monstrosities or freaks painted by men without talent in order to get themselves talked about.

I went and, being completely uneducated in visual art, only liked those which resembled pictures I had seen before. For some reason the exhibition included Manet's impressionist picture of the bar with the barmaid reflected in the glass. I liked that. Then there were pictures that were easy to appreciate, Seurats and Signacs, and I genuinely liked several Gauguins in a shamefaced sort of way. But I remember fiercely denouncing the Matisses. Nellie, being a painter, simply declared that she was fascinated, that she could understand some, but had not completely understood others. But she was practically alone, among the people I met, in not taking a moral line.

For ninety-nine out of a hundred people the paintings were either shocking or not shocking. And it is interesting to know why. It was because for the mass of us the visual arts were taken for granted to be either interpretations of literature, or else comments upon the real world, which did not greatly differ in kind from the comments made by poets and writers.

When we first looked at Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Matisse we were baffled because we were unacquainted with any literary equivalents. The more literary the paintings, the readier we were to accept them. It was just possible for me to appreciate Gauguin's Tahitians because I had read "Typee" and "Omoo."

—From "The Golden Echo" by David Garnett (Harcourt, Brace).



—From "The Yazoo" (Rinehart).

Apostle of Think

ENDICOTT, N.Y., the "town of the office machine," stands in the shadow of a single man: Thomas J. Watson. His portrait, the head of a friendly elderly man with a priestly smile on the thin lips, and a gleaming white collar like a halo that has fallen down, hangs in hundreds of rooms inside and outside the factory of International Business Machines. Even oftener than his portrait one finds in monumental capital letters the master's motto: THINK. THINK gleams over every door, leaps at you from every wall. It is a command without exclamation mark: THINK. The omnipresent imperative is planted in red tulips on green turf, chiseled in stone or marble, cast in bronze, embroidered on material, burned into the night in light-writing: THINK . . . THINK . . . THINK . . . One begins by hating the command for its importunity and ends by not noticing it at all.

The person to be thanked for this . . . Thomas Watson, began his career as salesman of pianos, organs, and sewing machines, worked his way up to being chief salesman of the National Cash Register Co., whose automatic cash registers had begun their triumphal progress, and was appointed in 1914 to direct a small, rather down-at-heel concern dealing mainly in stop watches.

Mr. Watson has increased the gross earnings of the firm, which in 1914 showed a profit of half a million dollars a year, to 28.1 million dollars in 1950. The number of employees grew, under the Leader's wise guidance, from 235 to 30,000 (branches in 79 countries) and his own sales commission on the current turnover to thousands of dollars a day plus an ever-larger share, rising to millions, of the capital stock. But the chief instrument of this "wonderful development" was a little rectangular card with longish holes.

Among the machines of the concern taken over by Mr. Watson was a clumsy affair disparagingly referred to by the other directors as "the statistical piano" because of its outward resemblance to a Pianola. Its Austrian inventor, Dr. Hermann Hollerith, had originally built it in 1886 for the American census authorities. Its principle consisted in stamping simple types of information in the form of perforations on cardboard squares. If these cards ran between a series of small electrically charged metal brushes, wherever the brushes made contact through a hole it closed an electric circuit, which set into motion an adding machine and an automatic typewriter.

With the help of scientists and engineers Mr. Watson enriched and refined the cardboard-hole language to such degree that it is now able not only to express and combine hundreds of different meanings, but to do so with a speed far beyond the capacity of the human brain. One of his machines is able in a single record to do 2,174 additions or subtractions, 79 multiplications and 65 divisions of five-figure numbers. A sorting machine arranges 27,000 perforated card-index sheets an hour in alphabetic, geographic, or any other order.

Should these friendly robots by any chance make a mistake because one of their screws is loose, strange phenomena come to pass, straight out of a machine-age fairy tale. One day, for instance, thousands of copies of the same pictorial magazine stacked themselves before the door of a farmer in a remote part of the United States because a robot, in addressing envelopes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had become stuck at his name and written it over and over again.

But these are exceptions. In general, Mr. Watson's docile machines are highly attentive, reliable and punctual. They take inventories, draw up balances, calculate betting odds and insurance risks, compile sales statistics, trade-union contributions and wage deductions.

—From "Tomorrow Is Already Here," by Robert Jungk (to be published on July 12 by Simon & Schuster.)

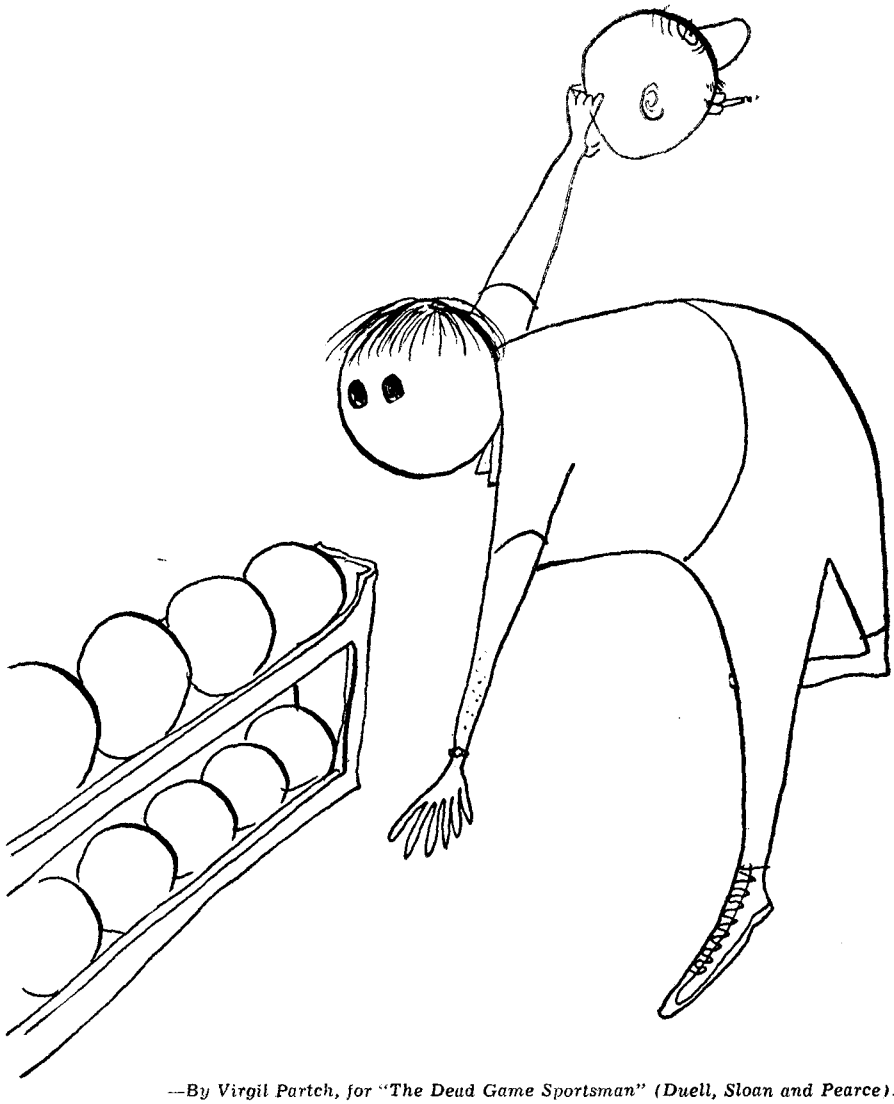
Our Silent Partners

SOMEWHERE about our middle, the belly perhaps if it did not sound so Biblical, we harbor a blind creature who lives his own slow and secret life, parallel with our own quick conscious life of the mind. It is him we teach to walk and swim, to make love or ride a bicycle, and though he learns slowly, he learns for good. Even when we think we have forgotten in too-long intervals, he remembers his lesson without our caring, until we both die. We can still swim, however long we have avoided the cold English seas, still ride the bicycle rusting in the garage.

He knows exactly, unknown to us, all kinds of things we have never noticed: the feel of our bed, our usual chair, our old accustomed clothes. We are only conscious of his separate life when the bed is strange, the chair hard in the wrong places, the new coat tight under our arms.

He translates our fleeting and complicated emotions into his own slow sensory language. Sudden grief becomes a tingling in our finger-tips, excitement a shiver like moth-wings down our spine. We feel our mouth held tight and hard and know that we are irritated, or our face grown gentle when "the melancholy fit shall fall." Horror is a sharp pain in the back of our thighs, and happiness a delicious sensation that any moment we shall float up to the ceiling like a balloon. Worry brings a feeling of sickness, not in the throat like real nausea, but somewhere in the pit of our stomach, and sudden anguish is an acute pain in the soles of our feet, so that we curl our toes under to take the weight. That is always what I think of when the French say "*crispé d'angoisse*," with nerves I never suspected.

—From "An English Year," by Nan Fairbrother (Alfred A. Knopf).



—By Virgil Partch, for "The Dead Game Sportsman" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce).

Writer at Work

MY father was always working, even when he was just visiting me in Cleveland where he had no story to do. I realized that even when he was sitting and talking about this and that he was working.

It's difficult if not impossible for the non-professional to understand that a writer, for example, may be working even when he's just staring out a window, because the work is mental and not merely the act of punching typewriter keys. All my father and I ever did when we visited together was sit or walk. We talked, but often we were silent for long stretches of time. We never discussed family or related problems. After a few preliminaries of the how-have-you-been variety our talk turned to life going on about us.

In Cleveland, we stood in the Public Square and observed pigeons and people who feed them. Why do people go out of their way to fill the bellies of the beggar birds? Like that ragged old man—he looks like he could stand a few bags of popcorn himself. Are such people just lonely? Aren't we all? We watched the rush hour crowd fight from work. Where did they go? Why were they in such a hurry? What did they do when they got home? What did they think and talk about?

In Washington we sat in the railroad terminal—stations were especially interesting places to sit—and watched and discussed the travelers. "That dyed blonde in the mink coat," my father would say, "is not Washington. She is not just coming home."

I agreed. "She's overdone, too conspicuous for Washington. Looks more like New York."

"She's not a show girl. She would be wearing dark glasses and more make-up. But she's New York, all right."

"She knows where she's going. She headed right for the cab exit. She's been here before."

"But where's her luggage—oh, the porter there, the one with the little overnight bag. She must have money or she'd carry it herself."

"That means she isn't going to stay long."

"You can bet," my father offered, "that she is not visiting home."

All this was work—some day we might use such observations in a story.

—From "Father's Footsteps" by Damon Runyon, Jr. (to be published on August 27 by Random House).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F. D.'s Mentor

***"The End of Innocence," by Jonathan Daniels** (J. B. Lippincott. 351 pp. $5), is the World War I memoirs of the son of Wilson's Secretary of the Navy; it illuminates the evolution of F. D. Roosevelt as a statesman and a politician. Below it is reviewed by Frank Freidel, associate professor of history at Stanford University and author of a biography of F. D. R. being published in many volumes.*

By Frank Freidel

"JONATHAN DANIELS was born with a political spoon in his mouth," says his publishers, "and has been savoring the sauce of national politics ever since." Seldom is a blurb so completely accurate. As a youth in Washington, Daniels was privileged to witness from the inside the climax of the progressive era, the Wilson administration. He saw also the political education of young Franklin D. Roosevelt; years later he watched Roosevelt put that education to the test in the Second World War.

His "The End of Innocence" is a brilliant memoir. Even more important, it is a shrewd analysis of the foundations and functioning of the American democratic system, and it is an affirmation of faith in that system.

The two chief protagonists are the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, and the Assistant Secretary, Roosevelt. Between these two men there was much conflict, and at the same time much affection. Though he loved and understood them both, Jonathan Daniels is not uncritical. The older Josephus, a devotee of Bryan, prohibition, the Democratic party, and the Methodist church, was skilled in political crusading on behalf of the poverty-stricken Southern farmers. Daniels believed in defense, but disliked navalism. Young Roosevelt was a politically coltish adherent to urbanism and imperialism. He loved warships and wanted to put them to use.

Roosevelt cut a fine figure among the admirals, but occasionally faltered before Congressional committees. Daniels, on the other hand, kept an uneasy balance on the quarterdeck, but won many a vote for Wilson's New Freedom on junkets down the Potomac with Congressmen. Daniels displayed at all times a mature, stubborn integrity; Roosevelt as yet was too cocksure to be really true much of the time to anyone, even himself. Daniels was unbelievably patient toward his impetuous assistant; Roosevelt had a capacity for growth and ultimately learned much from his superior.

In these pages, Daniels appears far the more sympathetic figure. Sharing the views and aspirations of President Wilson, he worked to reform and democratize the Navy. After the outbreak of war in Europe, he loyally backed the President's long-range preparedness program, but was reluctant to take any steps which might lead to immediate involvement. This made him the target of sophisticated interventionists, including most of Roosevelt's friends and associates, yet during the campaign of 1916 his picture was cheered when he appeared in newsreels. He had the support of the President and the people.

Young Roosevelt considered him hopelessly slow and old-fashioned. At first, he even did imitations of Daniels at the Metropolitan Club. For years he conspired with admirals to short-circuit Daniels on minor matters in order to get things done in a hurry. But Daniels always remained in control. Beyond this petty insubordination he did believe in many of Daniels's policies and labored with vigor and intelligence to help execute them.

By the summer of 1920, as Roosevelt went on to run for Vice President, he appreciated how much he had gained from his mentor of seven years. Jonathan Daniels feels he had learned an important lesson, and had learned it well: "His arrival at appreciation of the meaning of such a man as Daniels was more important than anything he had learned under Daniels about dealings with labor, with steel and other magnates, with power in democracy in terms of the backcountry as well as the shore and of men in the forecastles as well as the wardrooms. To the young aristocrat, there had been about Daniels almost the same deceptive appearance which a plain, strong democratic America so often showed to the supercilious who suddenly confronted it in history. Roosevelt's greatest attainment when he departed was that he was no longer self-deceived in democracy — and would not be so deceived again."

THE AUTHOR: Jonathan Daniels, a vigilant, versatile, vigorous Southern gentleman with unshakable faith in an early American saying that "all men are created equal," is a frequent commuter between the Democratic Party and the Raleigh *News and Observer*. "I guess I could qualify for the statement that my political friends say I'm a literary man and my literary friends say I'm a politician," he once observed. The other day, however, Daniels, like any self-respecting newspaperman, paused for an impartial look at his autobiographical notes—born in Raleigh, N. C., in 1902; son of Josephus Daniels, who'd served Cleveland, Wilson, and FDR; author of "Clash of Angels," in 1930, a novel that won him a Guggenheim fellowship in creative writing; editor of *The News and Observer* between 1933 and 1942; administrative assistant and, later, press secretary to FDR; adviser to HST in the upset election of 1948; delegate-at-large to the last two Democratic conventions; an original Stevenson man; member of a U.N. group on the prevention of discrimination; and author of six books on America and Americans. Then, unhesitatingly, he wrote a lead to his life: "I'm a newspaper editor, first, foremost, and all the time.

"*The News and Observer* is a remarkable newspaper, I think," Daniels added. "It is published in a city of 70,000 but it has a daily circulation in excess of 120,000. I would like to add that we hold it an evident truth that no young lady is legally married in North Carolina until her picture appears in *The News and Observer*. Our friendly readers call the paper 'The Old Reliable' and our unfriendly ones 'The Nuisance and Disturber.' We have plenty of both," he added with admirable objectivity. The newspaper was bought by his father in 1894, and, except for some governmental assignments, he headed it until his death in 1948. From his father Daniels acquired a large inheritance of political and journalistic knowledge, all of which he has put to work in a career compounded of both.

—BERNARD KALB.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Protocol's Procter

"The Captains and the Kings," by Edith Benham Helm *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 307 pp. $5), offers the recollections of the woman who was social secretary of the White House from Wilson through Truman. May Craig, who reviews it here, has herself been a part of the Washington scene for the past quarter of a century, latterly as correspondent for several Maine newspapers.*

By May Craig

WASHINGTON society has official significance, and Edith Benham Helm's "The Captains and the Kings" adds importantly to the printer's-ink tapestry already woven around Presidents Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman. This book is about her twenty-five years as social secretary to the White House during those eras.

"I have watched the unrolling of great moments of history," she begins. She takes us with her through the First World War with Wilson, the defeat of his League of Nations, his illness and death. Through the Roosevelt battle with Depression, the New Deal, the Second World War, the founding of the United Nations, and the day he lay in the grand black casket in the East Room. Through the seven years of Truman and the Korean war.

Edith Helm loves the White House. "I cannot explain the feeling, but after a certain length of time in the White House, its atmosphere envelops one," she says. This shines through her book as through other books: Frances Perkins's "The Roosevelt I Knew," Bess Furman's "White House Profile," Eleanor Roosevelt's books about the President's House, Jonathan Daniels's "Man of Independence."

The shortcoming of Mrs. Helm's book is the sidelong glance it gives at the great events she witnessed. Partly this arises from her native reticence, her sense of propriety in remaining within the bounds of her office, her reluctance to break confidence, to encroach on privacy; principally it is because her contacts were on the "mansion side" and not with the President and the executive offices.

Into this book went the genteel eighteen-year-old Edith Benham in "airy costume of white mull" at Navy Newport, the Edith Benham who did not approve of the Brownings publishing their love letters and so wrote sparsely of her own happy marriage. Gentility was bred in her and never left her, even in later battles with desperate ladies determined to get White House invitations.

When, after eight years as a social secretary at such establishments as the British and Russian embassies, Edith Benham became Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's social secretary, she felt she ought to write above the door of her White House office: "All ye who enter here, leave all friends behind." Serene in what Mrs. Roosevelt later called her "social conscience," Mrs. Helm lived by protocol. "Since the good God made us so we can't all get through the door at once, there must be precedence," she writes.

Through the eyes of a social secretary she saw Churchill, the haughty Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the Youth Congress, the DAR, exiled kings and queens and princesses, arranged royal dinners of solid gold and hot-dog picnics at Val Kill cottage.

Woodrow Wilson made a Democrat of her and her chapter on Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover is brief. Of the Harding era she comments: "Babylonian captivity, with the golden calf on the altar."

Her flair for gracious entertaining did not accord with the Coolidge "ice water and paper cups" receptions. The gay and bountiful Roosevelts had her heart—though sometimes short of breath. She was moved by the tragedy of that physically superb man whom she had known when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

When the White House was remodelled, her office was moved to the East Wing, more commodious, but a step away from the old intimate days. Mrs. Truman called her "the indispensable woman," but Time was moving on. She foresaw it. She has a delightful apartment on Connecticut Avenue now and a fine old house in Virginia, with nice furniture and souvenirs of the travelling she has done since she went to Japan with her admiral father at the age of four. She still eats from china her mother brought back then.

The name of her book comes from her "gallery" of autographed pictures of great people she has known, captains and kings, queens, presidents and their first ladies.

Came the day when Republican Eisenhowers were to move in and she walked alone through the White House, dear and familiar, to say goodbye. She meets the sunset with the quiet happiness you would expect. Her shy wit is not known to many. When she left the White House she decided not to accept many invitations. "Washington is overloaded with widows," she says. I wish she could bring herself to write a book about Washington unhampered by protocol.

GOP Going Up?

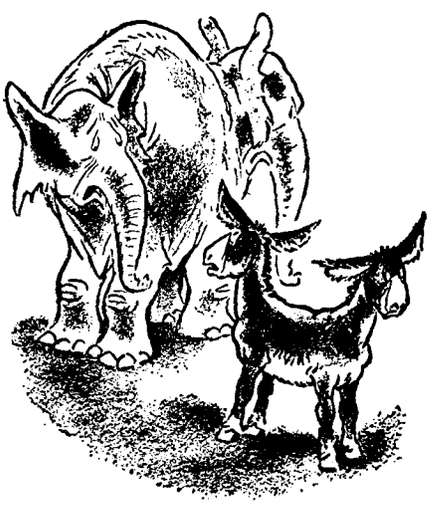
"Is There a Republican Majority?" by Louis Harris *(Harper. 231 pp. $3), is a political analyst-statistician's report on the trends taking place today throughout the nation. Sidney Hyman of the* Washington Post and Times-Herald. *who reviews it here, is the author of "The American Presidency."*

By Sidney Hyman

LOUIS HARRIS has written a book whose scope goes far beyond the limits of his key question: "Is there a Republican majority?" In his larger frame, he has written a sharp rejoinder to those who say with the Communists that the American middle class *is* doomed because of a remorseless capitalism; or to those who say with the Republican Old Guard that the American middle class *was* doomed because of a remorseless New Deal and Fair Deal.

By 1952, that class had gained millions of new recruits from quarters which were formerly included in the majority coalitions put together by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. So many millions, in fact, had changed from overalls to white collars, from Stanislaw Repulski to Stanley Ripple, from urban cold-water flats to suburban ramblers, from the Daughters of Ireland or Germany to the League of Women Voters—that the Democratic party was depopulated. And the human forces the party lost in this way gravitated to General Eisenhower, "the white collar Roosevelt," to provide the decisive margin for his victory in 1952.

To the direct question of whether this middle class upheaval means a permanent Republican majority, Mr. Harris offers a qualified answer of



—From "The Herblock Book."

"I Have the Same Trouble."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maybe yes, and then again, perhaps no. And the same applies to the question of whether the upheaval means a permanent Democratic minority. "The Democrats," he writes, "cannot be counted out, and the Republicans cannot be counted in for a long run at the White House."

The appraisal entrusted to these words does not betray Mr. Harris in an act of playing it safe. Rather, it is a fair deduction from his thesis that the same social fluidity witnessed in the growth of the middle class casts shadows over both parties; that in alternative cases, the shadows may lengthen or be lifted depending on how the middle class shifts its weight under the impact of an economic, military, or a "moral" crisis. In recent state and local elections, Mr. Harris observes, shifts of this sort have already taken place to the embarrassment of the Republicans and to the surprise of the Democrats.

But in the long pull, both parties will be taxed in the extreme as they try to make their peace with the free-wheeling middle class. Both parties will be wracked by the law of countervailing forces, wherein a contradiction resolved in one place, is swiftly followed by the outcropping of a new contradiction in a second place.

Among other things, Democrats will have to raid Republican sources of strength in the suburbs. At the same time, they will not only have to keep the big city union vote in line; they will also have to gear their appeals to the *families* of the union men—which they failed to do in the 1952 campaign. Nor is this all. They will have to decide whether it is worth bidding for the disaffected Irish and German vote, if the price for it means a substantial modification in the party's stand on foreign policy. Finally, to neutralize the growth of a conservative Republican party in the South, the Democrats will have to decide how they can continue to hold the Negro vote, and yet keep Southern Democrats from revolting over the price paid for the Negro vote.

What has just been cited is but a sketchy sample of the dialectic which Mr. Harris presses in many directions as he analyzes the past and future course of American politics. There may be those who will disagree with some of his conclusions. But in the opinion of this reviewer, at least, Mr. Harris has done handsomely by his readers in providing them with a set of clear variables they can combine at their pleasures to reach conclusions of their own. The variables may seem dry at first glance; but political activists will at once recognize that Mr. Harris's variables are as dry as gunpowder in their explosive potential.

LATIN FICTION

Old and Graceful Italy

***"Modern Italian Short Stories," edited by Marc Slonim** (Simon & Schuster, 429 pp. $5), brings together the work of 34 representative writers from all sections of the land, from 1880 to the present.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

IT IS commonly said that publishers hesitate to bring out collections of short stories (had this always been the case, what would have been the fate of O. Henry, Maupassant, or Pirandello?); but a book has come along to prove that isn't necessarily so, or perhaps merely that some publishers have courage and imagination. I congratulate Simon & Schuster, the publishers, no less than Marc Slonim, the editor of "Modern Italian Short Stories," and I wish the book well, as lovers of Italy and good literature must do, for it is a fine collection indeed.

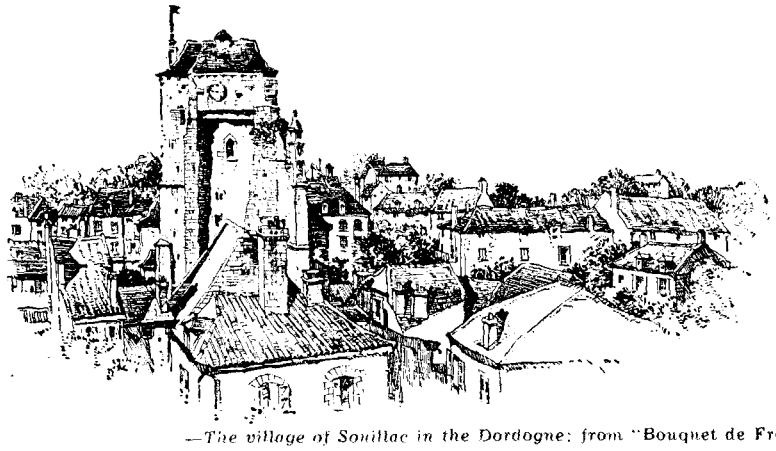
Italians, as Mr. Slonim points out in his introductory remarks, have always been natural storytellers. Boccaccio stands at the very source of prose narrative in the Western world and he has never lacked for successors; what would Europe have done without such gifted raconteurs as Sacchetti or Bandello; who can measure the debt of Shakespeare (and Lope, too, for that matter) to the storytellers of the Cinquecento? Truly one of the problems confronting the editor must have been just where to begin—how far back to go for his starting point. However, a book of moderns it is, all but contemporaries indeed, and we shall leave Boccaccio *et al.* at rest henceforth, merely adding that the Certaldese himself would find things to admire in the pages before us.

The editor's intention, if I understand it, is to give us some notion of historical development. (His authors are divided into four groups—Precursors, From Futurism to Fascism, Literature Under Mussolini, and The New Era.) He would like at the same time to afford a panoramic view of Italian life by choosing authors from different regions. And of course he wants to give us good stories.

He has been, I think, remarkably successful. Certainly he has covered the peninsula. It is interesting in this connection to note the points of incidence of fertility: of the thirty-four writers in the collection six are Tuscans, thus testifying to the everlasting vitality of the region which was the cradle of Italian letters, though one may add that, generally speaking, their merit lies rather in style than in content. The runner-up is Sicily with five, and ranging as they do from Verga to Brancati they are the most original of all, and perhaps the most profound. And there are Lombards, Piedmontese Marchigiani, and a vigorous trio of Neapolitans (there might well have been more) among others. Trieste is represented by Suevo, and Calabria at the other end of the peninsula by Corrado Alvaro. The time range runs from Verga's "La Lupa," first published in 1880, to two items (samples of Berto and Marotta) which have not yet appeared in Italy. On the score of content the anthology presents a fascinating variety; we may contemplate the primitive virtues (and, alas, vices) of the peasantry in the pages of Verga and Grazia Deledda, and the sophisticated tension of decadence in such offerings as that of Moravia. The undertones of war are heard in the tales of Berto and Brancati, and something more than its undertones in the tragic reporting of Carlo Levi, while the battle fatigue of the country is well portrayed in the odyssey of Vittorini's "Uncle Agrippa." There is realism in Silone and Pratolini, fantasy in Bontempelli and Buzzati (each with his own special brand), humor in Guareschi (with *sauce politique*) and in old Panzini (with philosophical adumbrations).

One could go on, for the authors represented are excellent choices. Could they have been better? Well, I am not sure who of Mr. Slonim's selections could properly be displaced to make room for other writers; Angioletti, perhaps, or Cecchi, whom I think of as more of a critic than a creative artist. Some readers who know the field might question here and there the specific stories chosen; I would rather have had two stories of Pirandello than two of G. A. Borgese and I do not think "La Lupa" is the very best of Verga. But such comment is beside the point; perhaps all I am trying to say is that there is a good deal more first-rate literature in modern Italy than any one anthology can hope to show. I am sure Mr. Slonim would agree with me on that.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*The village of Souillac in the Dordogne; from "Bouquet de France."*

A Set of Empty Horrors

"Guignol's Band," by Louis-Ferdinand Céline *(translated by Bernard Frechtman and Jack T. Nile. New Directions. 287 pp. $5), finds the author of "Journey to the End of the Night" presenting a gallery of dissolute types against the background of World War I London.*

By Laurent LeSage

TWENTY years ago Louis-Ferdinand Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night" blasted French readers out of their easy chairs. Defenders of public morals were scandalized by its filth; dyspeptic philosophers were pleased by its hopelessness; literary historians knew they were beholding a linguistic and stylistic revolution in the novel but were not sure whether they liked it or not. Beneath a flood of language—scatological, pornographic, slangy—all the supports of the classic novel were washed away. Critics, less terrified when they can integrate a revolution into a tradition, remembered Rabelais, and noted that he too was a physician. They should have remembered that the sixteenth-century medico was sane and joyous, whereas Céline's Dr. Destouches sounds like a manic-depressive.

Today Céline's roars and groans could pass unnoticed, so accustomed have we become to them in postwar French fiction. The *roman noir* has established Céline's innovations as a literary convention. Since Céline we have read Sartre, Jean Genêt, Cayrol, Hervé Bazin: writers of truculence, despair, and filth. We are accustomed to the verbal acrobatics of Audiberti and Queneau. Céline's force appears only that of a precursor, and if "Journey to the End of the Night" remains the epic of the Depression years, we have other writers for now.

Thus it is not purely arbitrary that Céline should have chosen World War I as a time for his new novel, "Guignol's Band." Like his hero, Céline was a *poilu* discharged with heavy disability. He, too, took off for England, and maybe he floated around in the London underworld like his namesake. Ferdinand's associates are whores, pimps, and maniacs that brawl and carouse in the English capital while the war is going on.

In episode and characterization Céline tries to outdo the "Satyricon" and the "Celestina." The hero himself is as sketchy as any *picaro*, but the people he encounters make up a gallery of grotesques upon whom Céline lavishes his paints: Cascade, the slick pimp with "a spitcurl flat against his forehead nicely twisted down to his eyebrows"; Joconde, with her grease-spotted Spanish gown, a "gypsy to the core"; Titus Van Claben, the loan broker in a pasha costume, with "a mug like a plaster mask"; crazy old Delphine who attends every opening and frequently stops the show herself; the fake Chinese and his spouse who hankers after orgies amid artificial roses. Like a *picaro*, Ferdinand goes from one scrape to the other. The novel opens on a description of a bombing scene with our hero in the middle of all hell broke loose. His subsequent adventures involve him in a knifing in a brothel, a house set afire, an opium party, and a murder.

But exaggerated effects, bile, and frenzy do not constitute social criticism. "Guignol's Band" has none of the humor, albeit cynical or bitter, that can make a picaresque novel a purifying tonic. There is a limit beyond which excessiveness just becomes tiresome. Céline, by picturing humanity as no more than monstrous puppets, has eventually taken on the grimace and the absurd gestures of a *guignol* himself.

Peasants' Genius

"A Treasury of French Tales," collected by Henri Pourrat *(translated by Mary Mian. Houghton, Mifflin. 240 pp. $3), is a garnering of folk tales indigenous to the Auvergne province of France.*

By Henri Peyre

HENRI POURRAT is grouped in histories of contemporary French literature with Jean Giono and the Swiss Ramuz, under the convenient and deceptive label of "regionalist literature" or "the peasant novel." He has, however, neither the epic imagination of the pagan Giono nor the tragic passion of Ramuz, the moralist of the Valais and of the Alps. He does not relish their wealth of adjectives and their orgy of poetical metaphors. He advocates no pagan wisdom, no worship of nature, no dionysian cult. He is the novelist of one of the least glamorous French provinces, Auvergne.

But his regional literature rings truer than that of those who have populated the French countryside with Hellenic gods, like Giono; truer even than that of Mistral and the *félibres* from Provence, who recreated a noble but somewhat artificial language to rival the dignity of standard French. A too colorful exoticism and a predicating obsession with the myth of the return to nature have been the bane of much peasant literature for 150 years. Henri Pourrat eschews both. His fictional stories ring true, as do the tales which he collected for several decades and published in 1948 as "Le Trésor des Contes." The best of the three-volume French edition has been condensed and is now offered in a deft translation by Mary Mian that preserves the delicate fragrance and the healthy vigor of the original. The book is charmingly illustrated. All in all, it is one of the most refreshing French imports in a long era.

For years Henri Pourrat and a host of friends have patiently listened to old women in the villages, to shepherds and ploughmen, to townsfolk who, as children, learned fairy tales from their nurses or from the country maids who raised them. The tales he garnered are all short, often interspersed with pretty snatches of popular poetry or of witty doggerel. Some deal with poor, simple-minded cowherds who won the hands of fair princesses through feats of courage and by defeating the wiles of rich villains. Many associate human beings

(*Continued on page* 41)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From Harper's Weekly, 1868 (Culver).

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE: Political Position of Chief Justice Chase.

Crazy for the White House

"Inside Lincoln's Cabinet: The Civil War Diaries of Salmon P. Chase," edited by David Donald *(Longmans, Green. 342 pp. $6.50), reveals much about the behind-the-scenes activity of the Lincoln Administration and even more about the nature of the Secretary of the Treasury. Roy F. Nichols, who reviews it here, is dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, University of Pennsylvania, and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning "Disruption of the American Democracy."*

By Roy F. Nichols

WHAT torture it is for himself, and generally for everybody else, for a man conscious of his own great superiority to be associated with men less favored! Such a martyr and thorn in the flesh was Salmon Portland Chase.

He had great ability. He knew it but wasn't quite sure of it. So he had to create an image which he could contemplate with satisfaction and by which he could, most of the time, be convinced. Chase fashioned from his own imposing physical proportions and great abilities a high-minded, impressive public figure not too gifted in oratorical ability but one who looked and could act the part of a leader. In an age of romantic idealism, he sought righteousness, the freedom of the slave, and the White House. About the latter, Lincoln once remarked, he was "a little insane."

He had mature administrative talent and was by and large a good finance minister, though had he known more about public finance he might have avoided some of his more serious errors. These, however, seem hardly to have troubled him, so conscious was he of his own good intentions. This capacity to direct his vision to sights most pleasing to himself was illustrated by his method of building up a personal political machine through the device of choosing those best qualified for any position, inevitably finding them among the ranks of those pledged to his fortunes. This, in the end, brought his elimination from Lincoln's cabinet. For when in 1864 it became too obvious that he was trying to undermine Lincoln's chances for renomination, even the infinite patience of the Great Emancipator gave out, though he did not accept the Secretary's resignation until efforts to supplant the President had proved futile.

The basic fact of the relationship of these two great men is one which "Inside Lincoln's Cabinet: The Civil War Diaries of Salmon P. Chase," illuminate, namely, that while Lincoln understood Chase, the latter never understood his superior. In fact, we may doubt whether Chase could recognize a superior. He himself believed that the great issue was the freedom of the slave and that the President was lukewarm, indecisive, and even indifferent to this great cause. Lincoln, on the other hand, was interested in the preservation of the Union as the great instrument of democracy and felt that the question of slavery was but a pawn in the greater game. Despite Chase's failings, the President kept him as long as he was useful and eventually magnanimously appointed him to the Supreme Court.

Other than throwing light on the personality of Chase and his manifold activities, the diary contributes less than it might. Chase was too absorbed in affairs to write very much. But there are many intriguing flashes: President Lincoln's announcement of the Emancipation Proclamation, Chase's efforts to make generals and plan campaigns, and most priceless of all, his desire to lead forces himself. Would there were more about his complex financial activities and his efforts to control political destiny, more about his fascinating daughter, Kate, and his own thoughts on a fourth marriage. Would that he had recorded his state of mind when Lincoln neatly caught him in a double-dealing intrigue against Seward and himself. But about so much there is silence.

Chase made the task difficult for his skilful editor, David Donald, for he was an unsystematic diary keeper. Sometimes he wrote in small books, sometimes he dictated. Some of these notes have been lost, fragments of them have been printed before; those that survive are not even in one place. The editor has made these fragments into a continuous narrative by supplying summaries of Chase's part in national affairs during the unrecorded periods. He has also provided a very well balanced and fair-minded portrait of this complex character in a penetrating introduction and he has labored manfully to identify the larger part of the innumerable callers whom Chase delighted to list. So the wartime minister lives again in his own words and unwittingly reveals some of himself that he might have preferred to keep hidden. But all diarists take such risks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amateur Spies

"Confederate Agent: A Discovery in History," by James D. Horan *(Crown Publishers. 326 pp. $5), reconstructs the story of Thomas Hines and the network of Southern spies who operated in the North and in Canada during the Civil War. Our reviewer, Professor Fred Harvey Harrington of the University of Wisconsin, is the author of a number of historical volumes on the Civil War.*

By Fred Harvey Harrington

EVERY one likes a spy story. James D. Horan's "Confederate Agent" is a good one, the more so since it is non-fiction.

The tale concerns Thomas Hines and other Southern agents who operated in the Northern states and Canada during the dying days of the Civil War. Hines and his partners acted under vague instructions from the Confederate government, and had only occasional contact with their superiors in Richmond. Thus they worked largely on their own, and in curious ways.

Their major effort was to organize a Northwest conspiracy. The plan was to cooperate with Southern sympathizers in the Great Lakes area. The conspirators would seize such key cities as Chicago, releasing Confederate prisoners of war, and thus force the Union to abandon the invasion of the South. It was an exciting scheme. But it did not work, because of Union counterspies, Confederate bungling, and the plain fact that there were few active Southern sympathizers in the North.

The Confederate agents tried other methods, too. They attempted to destroy Union transports on the Mississippi and to seize a Union gunboat on Lake Erie. They made a feeble effort to kidnap Vice President Andrew Johnson. They experimented with bank raids, including one from Canada to St. Albans, Vt. And on a single night they set fire to a dozen leading hotels in New York City.

Obviously, Horan knows how to pick a subject. He also knows how to run down sources; he has located and consulted little-used manuscript collections, including the Hines Papers. He has worked in the National Archives in Washington, which every American historian should do. Having assembled his materials, Horan presents them in lively fashion. He includes conversations—not imaginary ones, he insists, but each based on a memoir or trial record or other evidence.

With praise should go a word of caution. In this volume Horan suggests that the Northwest conspiracy might have succeeded but for counter-espionage, Copperhead cowardice, and the failure of the Confederates to provide their Northern sympathizers with effective military training. Horan says Indiana was "ready for insurrection." He states that "the flame of revolt . . . burned bright" in New York City. He indicates that the South had a hundred thousand potential allies in Chicago. These statements are misleading. Confusing, too, is Horan's habit of using "Copperhead" sometimes as a synonym for traitor, sometimes as a synonym for Democrat.

Actually, many Northerners wanted peace, but few were willing to give active assistance to the Confederacy. The Northwest conspiracy never stood a ghost of a chance. Horan provides evidence for this conclusion. Take, for example, the Chicago "uprising" of August 1864. Out of 100,000 presumed friends in the city, Hines was able to enlist just twenty-five individuals in his cause!

Hines is the hero, the "Confederate master spy." Horan finds Hines a little on the wooden side, but considers him both high-minded and efficient. Hines gets full credit, sometimes more. Certainly the author overstates Hines's influence on the 1864 Democratic convention; and he goes beyond his evidence to say that Hines might have seen Lincoln, and might have helped a friend escape from prison. When mistakes were made, Horan does not hold Hines responsible ("The master spy would never have permitted such bungling").

Other Confederate agents are treated much less gently. Jacob Thompson, the Buchanan Cabinet officer who headed the Confederate mission in Canada, is pictured as a bungling fool. Perhaps he was; but his judgment seems not much worse than that of Hines. George Sanders, who masterminded the St. Albans raid, is called a sinister figure. Why? Because Hines did not like him? Because bank raids were "bad"? (Were they worse than the burning of hotels?) Did not the Vermont raid succeed, while Hines's schemes failed?

But there is little need to argue personalities. The Confederate agents failed. The uprisings they planned did not come off. The fires they started caused little damage. They quarreled among themselves. They launched grand schemes only to abandon them. They bungled and played into the hands of their enemies. Some quit or changed sides. Many were caught—and caught with plans on their persons! They were very brave, these young men from the South; but they were amateurs at espionage.

In winding up his always interesting story, Horan carries his subjects to the grave. Two were hanged as spies. Nearly all the rest survived the war. Hines's was a happy-ever-after tale. Reunited with his family, this daring young man lived to become a respected Kentucky judge.

Scholars' Battalions

RE-EXAMINING THE WAR: American historians must be an odd breed, the average layman is apt to think when he finds them still disputing angrily the causes of a war nearly a century gone. Surely by now passions should have subsided enough to permit a synthesis of divergent views, but instead there seems to be as much confusion as in the 1860's. A history of the ideas about the coming of the conflict, with suggested explanations of the changing opinions, is given in Thomas J. Pressly's **"Americans Interpret Their Civil War"** (Princeton University Press, $5).

Mr. Pressly tries to show the meaning of the war to successive generations of Americans and how the interests and outlooks of their own times influenced the views of individual historians—among them James Ford Rhodes, Charles A. Beard, U. B. Phillips, Frank L. Owsley, Avery Craven, James G. Randall, Allan Nevins, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Bernard DeVoto. He attributes the sustained interest in the Civil War to the fact that it involved "questions which go to the very heart of the national life," for example, the role of the states in our federal system, majority rule versus minority rights, the place of the Negro, and national economic policy.

The book sharpens and clarifies the classic interpretations of the coming of the war. Yet I do not believe that the author does justice to some historians. In digesting their views he sometimes presents them too starkly.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

—From "Lee's Centennial."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sign of the Buddha

"The Lotus Sutra in Chinese Art," by J. LeRoy Davidson *(Yale University Press. 145 pp. 40 plates. $5), is a scholarly enquiry into the paintings and sculpture employed by Buddhist missionaries to spread their gospel in ancient China. Here it is reviewed by Jane Gaston Mahler, assistant professor of fine arts at Columbia University, a specialist in the Oriental field.*

By Jane Gaston Mahler

THE Holy Men who set out from India to carry Buddhist gospel to China faced grave difficulties. Their faith and resolution had to help them survive the hardships of the rugged road ahead, as they crossed over mountain passes and plodded along desert tracks and, once they reached their destination, they had to meet the problem of persuading the Chinese to accept a way of life at variance with their established tradition.

How could Buddhism win converts to monastic celibacy among men who valued large families of sons who might duly honor their ancestors? How could they teach adherence to the principle of detachment from worldly affairs among a people who recognized as a prime responsibility the need to provide well for the family, and to bring honor to the living and the dead by achieving success in official life? How, indeed, could they promise the rewards of heavenly bliss to the deserving, and the punishments of hell to evil-doers, to a people who had no concept of paradise and purgatory?

One of the "tools for propagandizing the faith" was found at hand for the missionaries in the Lotus Sutra. As J. LeRoy Davidson puts it in his book, "The Lotus Sutra in Chinese Art": "Rich pageantry could be carved in sculpture or painted with luxuriant colorings on wall or scroll . . . and, more than this, the missionary had a powerful weapon—expediency. For, according to the Master's words, one should put into each vessel that which it was capable of retaining."

A key figure in the Lotus Sutra is Vimalakirti, a wealthy Indian householder who was a devout lay follower of the Buddha. He was full of good works and wisdom, a responsible citizen, a father who did not desert his children to enter into a monastery, who did not neglect filial piety, yet he was a man of such virtue that he spoke with heavenly beings on fine points of doctrine. Here was a man who could be admired and emulated by the Chinese. In the art inspired by this phase of Buddhist teaching, he appears many times during the period of greatest influence, from the fifth through the tenth centuries A.D.

This and other major aspects of the gospel are discussed by Mr. Davidson. In his book he interprets controversial themes, identifies obscure figures, and presents statistical evidence on the rise and decline in popularity of certain Buddhist deities. One finds an accurate count of the number of dedications to Kuan Yin or Sakyamuni or some other manifestation of the Buddhist idea. Faith and piety are measured neatly in a box score. In his preface, the author states that he is not a philosopher. He is a reporter of the facts, and he evaluates them in a modern, scientific way, using such terms as "escapism, expediency, and opportunism" in his presentation.

Mr. Davidson has rendered a great service in bringing together all of the important published materials that bear upon his subject, both in words and pictures. His scholarly use of texts written in Sanskrit, Chinese, and Japanese, as well as European languages, is truly impressive.

The illustrations bring out the formal aspects of sculpture and painting. They emphasize the skeletal structure and composition in a somewhat spectral fashion; one misses the subtle values that the Chinese themselves looked for in a work of art. The Great Buddha chosen for the jacket design is rather symbolic. The layout is smart and modern, using distortion in a dramatic way. Contours are hard, whereas, in its proper setting, the figure was surrounded by harmonious forms.

One notices the hand immediately; because of the camera angle and the sharp printing the hand is startling, but it does not suggest the benevolent quality of assurance that the gesture properly stands for in Buddhist thought. The flash-bulb was used to bring out some arresting features of a colossal figure, but it did not reveal the guiding principles of universal truth and spiritual leadership that inspired the carvers.

A Buddhist "missionary" statue in China.

The Artists' Masters

"Art Under a Dictatorship," by Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt *(Oxford University Press. 277 pp. $5.50), is a study of the manner in which the Nazi state controlled artistic expression and an exposition of some theories as to the general effects of a totalitarian state on art. Sibyl Moholy-Nagy, who reviews it here, is the author of volumes on recent trends in art and architecture.*

By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy

IN HIS "Art Under a Dictatorship," a study of the absorption of art into the structure of one totalitarian state, Nazi Germany, Helmut Lehmann-Haupt sets forth concisely and clearly the basic premises of totalitarian "culture": that education, as the all-important tool of the dictator, must not leave a vacuum anywhere; that art must be used to integrate every single individual into the fabric of the state; that the individual must be drawn away from himself to become part of the communal scheme.

In the early summer of 1954 this account of the sterilization of a country's creative powers assumes the importance of a warning not to trade our traditional democratic liberties of free inquiry and creation for coercion and thought control under the guise of patriotism. In this aspect, Mr. Lehmann-Haupt's book is most timely. But in a different aspect it seems a half dozen years behind the times. Our government and our press have recently displayed an almost frenzied affection for "the awakening giant" of Western Germany. Publications are filled not only with glowing accounts of powerful industrialism and reborn wealth, but also with admiring reports on German art and architecture, equaling and often

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surpassing what is done elsewhere in Europe. If one accepts this pageant of high achievement, then Mr. Lehmann-Haupt's premise that irreparable damage is done to a people by a dictatorship becomes doubtful

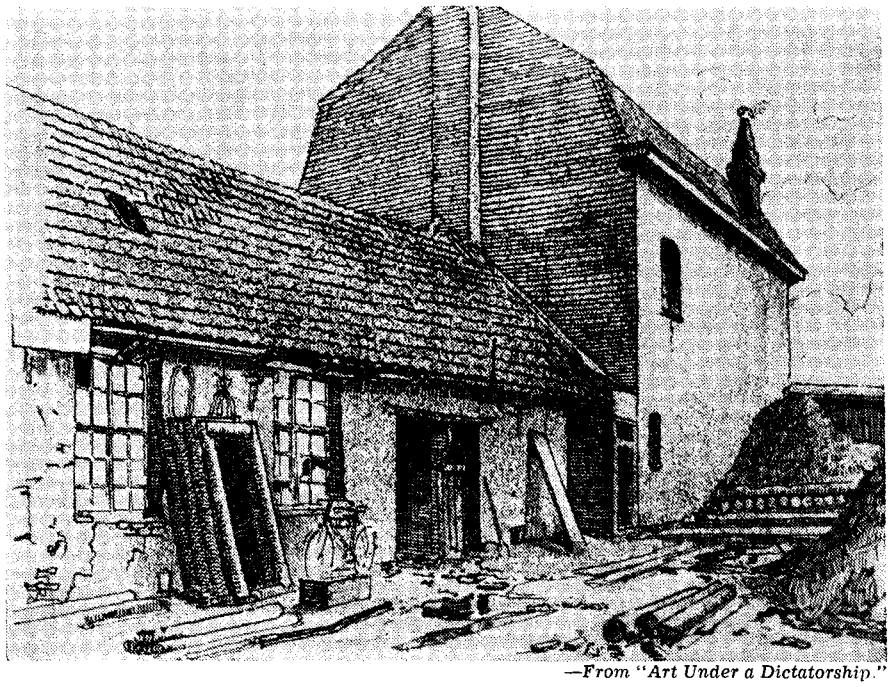
However that may be, from an historical point of view this account of cultural regimentation is interesting. But it must be stated—with much regret for the value of so diligent a work—that the larger contexts of the historical and psychological explanations Mr. Lehmann-Haupt offers can be challenged at every turn. T. H. Huxley once said of Herbert Spencer that the only tragedy he had known in his life had been a theory refuted by a fact. And the facts of history are almost completely against the author's theory that the plight of the arts under the Nazi dictatorship was unprecedented and of far-reaching consequences. The control of thought and taste by German governments through the centuries is an old and ugly story. Surely Mr. Lehmann-Haupt must know of the hundreds of gifted men who rotted decades in prisons or were driven into exile by the princelings of absolutism, so bitterly attacked by Lessing and Schiller; of the *Demagogenverfolgungen* (persecutions by the demagogues) in the Thirties and Forties of the nineteenth century. Germany's best comedy, "Leonce and Lena," was written by Georg Buechner while the militia waited for him to walk into their loaded guns. In 1864 Bismarck closed all Froebel kindergartens in Prussia because he considered their doctrines subversive; and William II and his court architect Schwechten held a control over the Berlin academy that doomed official art and architecture to the most arid eclecticism. Only during the brief fifteen years of the Weimar Republic did Germany know free expression, and it is this period of an absolutely unprecedented creativeness and social significance which is slighted and belittled by Mr. Lehmann-Haupt in order to fit his theory. The much heralded recuperation of German creativeness through the leadership of men like Hofer and Schmitt-Rottluff, ably and enthusiastically described by the author, is nothing else than a reactivation of the wealth of ideas, developed between 1920 and 1930; and the immense influence on American art and architecture through men like Klee and Beckmann, through Gropius, Mies van der Rohe, and Marcel Breuer is the flowering of the unique state government of the Weimar Republic that allowed the great experiments to be performed in public.

But of more general interest are two other points of argument that clash with reality. Mr. Lehmann-Haupt points to the eclectic and shallow taste of the dictators as a specific symptom of the lack of culture. In architecture he claims that "classicism is made to order for the purpose of the modern dictator" and in art he postulates that "social realism is a completely totalitarian device." The historical fact, however, is that classicism has served Jefferson as visualization of a democratic ideal, and that it has been the standard symbol of the Academy, as the seat of free inquiry. Social realism in painting inspired such giants of humanitarianism as Goya and Daumier. Incomprehensibly, Mr. Lehmann-Haupt overlooks the social realism of Grosz and Dix under the Weimar Republic, and he would be hard pressed to explain the painting of the American social realists—Ben Shahn, Sheeler, Hopper, and others—as a "completely totalitarian device."

The truth—sad or elating, depending on personal taste—is that neither the Harvard School of Architecture nor Fifty-seventh Street are barometers of public preferences in buildings or in art. One major reason for the mass conversion to National Socialism among the architects and artists of Germany was the coincidence of their own convictions with those of Hitler, Goebbels, and Goering. As Mr. Lehmann-Haupt points out, much of the government building and public housing constructed in Germany in the Thirties was as good as or superior to that done in Washington, and neither Goering's luscious nudes nor the sentimental heroism of Hitler's favorite paintings would look out of place in the Encyclopedia Britannica art collection or as a mural in the post office in Dandruff Falls, Minnesota.

Finally, there is the delicate question of government patronage. Is it really so new? *Kunst geht nach Brot* (art goes after bread) is an old German saying, implying that at all times the artist has had to look for patronage. To be sure, the diabolic extreme of the dictators that forced the non-conformist out of work and often into a concentration camp, makes the totalitarian patronage repulsive But, on the other hand, there is the undeniable historical fact that Mussolini not only tolerated modern art, but that under his regime some of the most progressive towns, architecturally, were built in the Ligurian region. The WPA project was patronage, and so is the resident artist system in our colleges. The fact that, as the author states, "Hitler was obsessed by art during his whole life," gave work to a multitude of sculptors and painters.

On finishing Mr. Lehmann-Haupt's "Art Under a Dictatorship" one cannot but feel that nowhere is the utter futility of totalitarianism more evident than in its inability to liquidate the creative artist. The sum total of a gigantic propaganda apparatus and much individual suffering is the historical truism that genius is inviolate, and that minor talents will conform to current taste. Reading the last chapter of this book, dealing with the status of the arts in Germany today, one is inevitably drawn to the conclusion that art did not fare badly under the Hitler regime, because in its purest form it cannot be polluted by any dictatorship.



—*From "Art Under a Dictatorship."*

A drawing by Adolf Hitler made on the Western Front during World War I.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PIERLY HAZARD Editorial Assistant, PETER RITNER
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR. Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1954, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Dream That Molds Reality

"NOT with dreams but with blood and with iron, Shall a nation be molded to last." So wrote Swinburne in a day when Britain was reaching the peak of imperial power. Literary fashion, and present-day taste, have swept the poet who roused a generation by the passion and energy of his verse into the comparative desuetude of anthologies and academic lecture halls. And time, and the march of events, are rapidly negating his words as they have already his art. For the tragic experience of recent years has proved beyond a doubt that blood and iron alone are no longer potent to mold a nation to last. Providence may always be on the side of the last reserve as Napoleon believed, but the last reserve, alas, is now such as to blot out all civilization if it be unleashed. So, if blood and iron are not enough, what is left but dreams? Dreams that may seem illusory today but tomorrow may be fact, dreams that translated into action may save mankind from the doom which their neglect must surely bring upon it?

No one who is awake to realities would deny the necessity of armaments in this present of mounting pressures and irreconcilable tensions. Until all nations will agree to forego the recourse to arms every nation must prepare to meet it. It is the only *modus vivendi* for the moment. But it is the way of death, not of life, in the long run.

Through all its history mankind has hugged the dream of permanent peace only to find itself now at the edge of permanent disaster. But that is no reason to despair of peace, only the reason to rouse stronger efforts to secure it. Catastrophe may be around the corner, but society cannot afford to admit it. To feel it inevitable is to surrender the battle before it is begun. It may be a dream that nations can live in harmony, but without the dream there is no possibility that they can. And yet the dream must be secured by more than faith; it can only be attained by faith and works.

There was recently held the annual meeting of an organization founded on faith and devoted to work, an organization which has been attacked as visionary but which—however in the beginning it may have seemed to hitch its wagon to a star—at this meeting proved itself to be intensely practical. The United World Federalists are now enlisted in a program of immediate possibility and importance. They are dedicated to the support of the United Nations, not merely vaguely and generally dedicated to its support but to a definite campaign to secure such changes in its constitution as time and eventualities have proved desirable or necessary. Provision for possible change was made by the international representatives who drew up the United Nations charter and who provided that it should come under examination for revision in 1955. Supporters of the U.N. from Secretary Dulles and its first Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, to lawyers and statesmen the world over have since gone on record as to the need for alteration of some of the articles of the original document. The veto, the regulation of armaments and atomic power, the prevention of aggression, the recruiting and maintenance of a U.N. inspection and police force, the nature and jurisdiction of war courts—these are among the subjects to which the experts, and with them the World Federalists, are turning their attention.

Probably there are few thoughtful persons today who have not been troubled by the fact that in a time of national and international stress the individual as such can make so little a contribution to solving the problems which beset the country and the world. Yet, after all, it is the sum of the individuals who make the nations, and the sum total of the individuals' opinions which influences, if it does not directly shape, the policy of the lawmakers and the legislators. Though the voice of any one person may be too weak to reach those charged with the stupendous responsibility for peace and war—for the preservation of society—the voice of the multitude which is composed of the individuals, transmitted through an organization, may have tremendous effectiveness. The United Nations, surely the last, best hope of humanity, offers for the first time in history an instrument which, if supported by faith and rendered more pliable to the needs of internationalism by wisdom, may eventually bring to reality man's unquenchable hope for peace. And the United World Federalists offers a concrete program by which the United Nations may be supported. To espouse the lesser organization is to promote the greater. And to promote the greater is perhaps to save the world. —A. L.

J. K. Lasser

The world of authors and publishers lost a wise and friendly counselor in the untimely death of J. K. Lasser. He had encompassed many careers in his life, but throughout them all—tax expert, author, accountant, educator, publishing consultant, columnist—ran the theme of devoted, tireless service to books.

A frequent contributor to *SR* on publishing problems, Mr. Lasser also gave unstintingly of his time and energy to the American Book Publishers Council, the Book Manufacturers Institute, the Association of University Presses, to trade magazines, to the Association of American Advertising Agencies, to authors, and to various universities.

It is worth noting that the last letter from him to *The Saturday Review*—received only a few days before his death—concerned the exhaustive program he had worked out voluntarily to obtain what he regarded as just and necessary tax relief for all authors.

One prominent publisher said, "He was the man you turned to when you really had a problem. And he talked to you in specifics, not generalities."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOUT VS. CERF

Returning from a vacation on Cape Cod Peninsula and Martha's Vineyard, I have just read Bennett Cerf's Trade Winds in *SR* May 8.

I have great admiration for Mr. Cerf as a joke collector, but as a reporter he seems to have some flaws. Speaking of paperback reprints, he says, "Today the average returns are close to 50 per cent." Nonsense. They are much closer to 25 per cent than to 50 per cent. Mr. Cerf says, "Guarantees for new titles have shrunk to about a quarter of what they were six short months ago." That is even farther from the truth. The only substantial shrinkage in guarantees has been in the upper brackets—the extravagant bids for a few big titles. In the past six months the average shrinkage in guarantees has been, not 75 per cent as Mr. Cerf says, but more like 10 per cent.

Mr. Cerf says, "It pleases Mr. Stout to believe that a publisher makes a sinful fortune out of every piece of trash he sponsors, while the author is fobbed off with a miserable pittance." If it is true that I believe such bosh I am of course an ignorant jackass, so I beg Mr. Cerf to tell me how he learned that I believe that. I have never said or written anything that could possibly be so construed. Can it be that Mr. Cerf has started to write his own jokes?

That must be it. Speaking of a discussion of reprint royalties that went on back in 1945, he says, "Rex had no interest in examining mere statistics." More nonsense. It was the statistics I had collected, which the hard-cover publishers could not impugn, that caused Mr. Cerf and other publishers to realize how bum a deal they had made with the reprint houses. It was the statistics I had collected that revealed the fantastic incompetence of the hard-cover publishers as businessmen.

One more Cerf joke. He says, "Mr. Stout . . . is renewing his threats to set up a new reprint house run by and for the authors." That is wholly untrue, and I wonder where Mr. Cerf got his plot. I have made no threat. I have never believed or suggested that authors could successfully run a reprint house.

I'll bet Mr. Cerf the price of a year's subscription to the *Saturday Review* that I can write a column about him and reprints that will be funnier than the one he wrote about me and reprints.

REX STOUT.

Brewster, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Soon to appear in* SR *will be a full report on the present state of paperback publishing which will further illuminate the conditions over which Messrs. Cerf and Stout are in dispute.*

SCIENCE-FICTION IN THE VANGUARD

APPARENTLY HARRISON SMITH hasn't read much science-fiction lately, or he wouldn't say [*SR* May 22] that it "deals with the development of machines and leaves humanity exactly where it is."

The very point of the mature science-fiction being written today is that it deals increasingly with sociological and psychological problems, and with all possible varieties of societal development. Olaf Stapledon, with his tremendous "Last and First Men," led the way.

That is why, far from "beginning to bore their readers," today's best science-fiction novels are in the vanguard of the books, "illuminated by hope," for which Mr. Smith calls so eloquently and persuasively.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

"I always get a friendly reception . . . I tell them I'm related to Ernest Hemingway."

FILLING A REAL NEED

I WAS ONE who felt remorse when you became *The Saturday Review* and were no longer *The Saturday Review of Literature*. I am now pleased with the new title, inasmuch as you are filling a real need as a comprehensive guide to the arts of our current mode of civilization—TV, Recordings, Movies, Radio. Being a tape-recording enthusiast, I am particularly pleased with your new feature on that subject.

MARIE J. LAUN.

Elkhart Lake, Wisc.

WHERE THE FISH WERE TAKEN OUT

A BOUQUET OF ROSES to author Russell Potter for his provocative and well-written article on the fate of the lecture circuit in America today ["Talking Things Over," *SR* May 22].

Although it may seem to be quarreling over extremely minor points, it is possible that Mr. Potter's reference to "chautauqua" as "a word that is untranslatable into any foreign language" might draw fire from students of Indian lore.

It may be a moot question as to whether the language of the Seneca Indians, most numerous and militant of the Six Nations of the Iroquois, may be considered "foreign"; but the Senecas had a very real meaning for the word. According to historian Arch Merrill, "chautauqua" is a Seneca word meaning "where the fish were taken out."

Apparently the Senecas who inhabited the western New York state country had known and named picturesque Chautauqua Lake, the site of today's most active remaining chautauqua institution, as a place of abundant fishing, surrounded by lovely countryside. It is not difficult to see how the "camp meetings, addressed by circuit riders, itinerant ministers, and lay preachers," functioning during the summer months, should embrace the melodious Indian word "chautauqua."

LEE STOHLBROST.

Boulder, Colo.

SIR JAMES BARRIE, M.A.

IN HIS REVIEW of R. B. Robertson's "Of Whales and Men" [*SR* May 22] William McFee "without research" mentions Sir James Barrie in a list of doctors who became successful writers. Perhaps a little research might have been in order as, of course, Sir James Barrie never was a doctor or even a medical student; he graduated M.A. from Edinburgh University in the early 1880's.

L. R. C. AGNEW.

Gainesville, Fla.

IN PRINT

IN *SR* May 1, Professor C. Wright Mills remarks that "The Sociology of Georg Simmel," edited and translated by Kurt H. Wolff, is out of print. This title is very much in print.

JEREMIAH KAPLAN,
The Free Press.

Glencoe, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

"THAT'S the way things go," we say when life strikes us hard by striking hard at those we need and know and cherish. In this manner we silence our useless protests and console ourselves by acknowledging that what we cannot understand must for this very reason be part of a pattern. Most often when we say, "That's the way things go," we do not have "things" in mind at all. We have people, people whose going diminishes our living. What we mean is, "That's the way they go," and go they do with such increasing frequency as the robbing years accumulate that we who are left, in spite of our joyous and vital involvements with life, grow accustomed to living with an ever more crowded loneliness.

I write as one wounded by Anne O'Hare McCormick's death. Is "wounded" too extravagant a verb to use when I knew Mrs. McCormick merely as an acquaintance and saw her all too infrequently? I think not; indeed I know not. There are acquaintances *and* acquaintances. There are those who, though seen often, remain strangers, and those, seen seldom, about whom we feel at once as about a friend and whose friendship we wish we had. It is possible to feel closer to these, the seldom seen but seen always with a warming sense of pleasure, than it is to those with whom we are thrown again and again for one poor unmagnetic reason or another.

I claim no singularity in having felt this way about Anne O'Hare McCormick. The safest of all understatements is to say that almost everyone who met her however rarely, who read her in *The New York Times* or heard her lecture, had this same sense of intimacy with her. It was not an illusion, at least not entirely.

Hers was a friendly spirit; not foolishly friendly, not smirkingly so, and never due to self-interest. She was blessedly incapable of the empty amiability of a person trying to make a good impression and of those automatic grins which, as politicians switch them on and off, make a travesty of good will. Yet she did smile, and constantly. Laugh too, a bubbling, wholehearted laugh which, though quiet, could shake her shoulders. And laughter was also in her dark eyes from which light was always spilling. Though profoundly serious of mind, she was gay at heart; gay with an Irish gaiety; gay as the Irish might have been if England's history had never darkened Ireland's.

I do not mean to overstress Mrs. McCormick's laughter or her gaiety. She was anything but a funny woman, a wit, or a wag. Her laughter, which had no malice in it, was, I suspect, a release for many things. It was an expression of her abundant love of life. It was a measure of the unfailing realism with which she observed the costly follies of a world so often misled by its leaders. It was a judgment which sentenced the pretentious and the sham, a check on human absurdity as well as an appreciation of it. Above all, it was a confession of faith, an indication of the courage of a woman who could see through the news to its darkest meanings and remain unfrightened.

Although one of the best informed experts on foreign affairs, she never put on airs or acquired the Delphic mannerisms which come easily to those, male or female, who take over a drawing room as authorities. A chair was a chair to her, and not a tripod. She was beguilingly simple and direct, and incapable of pomposity. Her modesty was colossal.

She did not have to pound on a table or raise her voice to get a hearing at a party. People came over to her of their own accord, drawn not by noise or showmanship but by the trust she created without self-assertion. One after another, they would draw up their chairs next to her, confident that when they asked a question her answer would be wise and clarifying and stated undogmatically in the easy give-and-take of conversation. She welcomed interruptions, was as eager to ask a question as she was forthright in answering one, and was equally expert at both.

Of course, in private no less than in public she was accustomed to being listened to. Yet she was never guilty of carrying a public manner over into private life. For that matter, when she lectured before the overflowing audiences that always turned out to hear her, she talked rather than made a speech, and talked with the liveliness and eloquence of a person whose concern was her subject, not herself.

Mrs. McCormick was apt to add an artificial flower or two to any evening dress she wore. Her doing so can be taken as another expression of her modesty. She did not need the aid of such flowers. She bloomed without them. Her face was so flooded with light that it always seemed turned to the sun. Alertness and kindness were its beauty. It had a sparkle that was unflagging and an honesty as unmistakable as its intelligence. It had genuine goodness in it, too, and spoke without resting, when Mrs. McCormick listened or talked, for her large heart and fine mind. If her face had the lines which her later photographs show, no one noticed them. They were, in Shaw's lovely phrase about the wrinkles Duse took no pains to hide, "the credentials of her humanity." Although the proud badges of wisdom and experience, in her case they were never the reminders of age.

MOST of us were surprised to read that when she died Mrs. McCormick was seventy-two. She looked and seemed at least ten years younger. Indeed, she appeared as young as her curiosity because hers was the abiding youth of the truly interested. This unquenchable zest, which made her fascinating as a conversationalist and lecturer, was among the qualities that contributed over the decades to the vitality and excellence of her column-writing. There were many others.

Although she had interviewed most, if not all, of the makers of history since Mussolini's rise, blessedly she was not a correspondent of the "I said to Winston" school. She told what the great or near-great had said to her and what she had seen in them; and the tributes the *Times* received from Eisenhower, Eden, Bedell Smith, Bonnet, Cardinal Spellman, De Gasperi, John Foster Dulles, Bidault, and scores of others, are proofs of the high esteem they had for her personally and professionally.

Inevitably they mentioned her fairness, her skill and accuracy as an interpreter of news, her fidelity to truth, the depths of her perception, the clarity of her style and thought, the soundness of her judgment, her clairvoyant insight into issues, personalities, and conditions, and her devotion to freedom. Inevitably, too, they united, as newspapermen and readers would everywhere, in saluting her as one of the great reporters.

Book-writing did not interest her. In 1928 she published her only book, "The Hammer and the Scythe," a collection of pieces she had written about her travels in the Soviet Union. Year after year thereafter, publishers and friends urged her to bring together other collections of her columns, even if she would not take the time to write a book. They pled with her in vain. This was a pity, for a fine harvest of contemporary history at the moment of its being made is to be had from her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
in CINEMASCOPE
Starring
ANN BLYTH
EDMUND PURDOM
JOHN ERICSON
LOUIS CALHERN
And the Singing Voice of
MARIO LANZA
Written for the Screen by
WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN
Music from "THE STUDENT PRINCE" by
SIGMUND ROMBERG
Color by ANSCO
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"COMPASS POINTS"
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY • CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
MAURICE EVANS
in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
DAVID WAYNE JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon
A New Comedy by
JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • LARRY GATES • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Evgs. 8:40—Mon. thru Thurs.: $4.40-1.65. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.95-1.65. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2:40—$3.85-1.65. (Tax Incl.).
Air-Cond. MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM," —Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL AND FUNNY," —Atkinson, N.Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.40 to 1.65. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.50 to 1.65. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.30 to 1.65. (Tax Incl.).
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
Air-Cond. FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th St.

countless columns now buried in the files of the *Times*. But Mrs. McCormick's heart lay elsewhere.

She "was a reporter and gloried in the title," as the *Times* said in its fine and very moving farewell to her, printed in the same space on the editorial page where for years her column appeared three times a week, and printed most poignantly under the familiar heading, "Abroad," now given a new meaning. With her co-workers on the paper she thought, as the *Times* put it, "the word reporter . . . is a beautiful name." No one did more than she to make it beautiful, to add to its luster, or to keep it proud and untarnished.

Although a columnist free to have opinions, Mrs. McCormick never ceased to be a reporter. What she wrote was not spot news; it was impressions gathered on the spot. She traveled the world over to get these and in recording them showed that she was as much at home with the simplest people as with the prominent and the powerful. Plainly she had a genius for asking the right questions, for seeing through the mists of confused situations and seizing upon essentials. Her knowledge of modern history was profound, her memory extraordinary, and she brought an uncommonly rich background to political developments in the countries she visited again and again.

We turn to all top-flight columnists for what is the individual contribution of each of them to journalism. Each has his own approach and is apt to have staked off certain fields about which he writes in his own way. Mrs. McCormick's contribution was unique. Although she had very definite ideas, she did not write as an idea columnist. By this I mean she did not isolate her opinions from people or places and present them merely as concepts. She was a colorist; an Impressionist with words whose eye for significant detail was unfailing and whose response to color was strong. She could paint a background with the same surety and speed that she could do a portrait. Her columns were conclusions presented in terms of memorable pictures.

Each sunset passes a death sentence on the best copy written for that morning's newspapers. No journalist is disheartened by this. The challenge of his profession—and the glory when it is met—is to produce copy so alive that it has added to the fullness of that day's living. Mrs. McCormick did this again and again, and because of doing this she will be long remembered. Lost to us she is, but fortunately for us we cannot lose our memories of her as either a journalist or a person. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

"The foremost authority on the history of the drama living in America."*

John Gassner

has just completed his monumental survey of the men, materials, and movements in the modern theatre

THE Theatre in Our Times

● This comprehensive account covers the playwrights, plays, and acting companies, the schools and the theories, and the individuals who have created today's theatre . . . from Ibsen, Strindberg and Shaw to T. S. Eliot, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams . . . from the Abbey Theatre to the Arena Theatre . . . from naturalism to existentialism . . . as seen, studied, and evaluated by America's great scholar of the drama. A milestone in criticism, THE THEATRE IN OUR TIMES is a book of enduring importance for everyone interested in the theatre.

600 pages, $5.00 at all bookstores, CROWN PUBLISHERS, N Y

*Commonweal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

One Man's Movie

BECAUSE Jacques Tati, a tall, mild-eyed, angular Gallic comedian, works completely in pantomime, he has been often compared to Chaplin, Keaton, Lloyd, and other great clowns of the silent cinema. Actually, the aptest comparison would be to a particularly well-intentioned bull in the proverbial china shop. M. Tati is utterly unable to turn around without upsetting something or somebody. His slightest gesture creates chaos. When he tries to be helpful, the results are catastrophic. Even walking on tip-toes, as he generally does, he leaves a trail of destruction in his wake. He is the kind of man who is forever at odds with the world—machinery misbehaves, objects are always in the wrong place at the wrong time when he is around, the most docile animals invariably act up whenever he appears. As a result, humans tend to run from him. Not that they dislike him or suspect his motives. It's simply that bitter experience has taught them that propinquity breeds disaster.

Tati seems to have only this one string to his bow, but he uses it masterfully. American audiences who have seen him before, as the harassed postman in "Jour de Fête," know just how masterfully. Prior to that he made a series of comedy shorts that never came to this country. Certainly his latest film, **"Mr. Hulot's Holiday,"** is completely within the shorts tradition, consisting of nothing more than a series of hilarious and sometimes brilliant gags built around Mr. Hulot's misadventures at a beach resort in Brittany. There is no attempt at a formal story, no dizzying climax, no final triumph in which the blundering hero fumbles through to win fame, fortune, and the girl. The film begins as Mr. Hulot drives to the seaside in what must surely be the saddest jalopy seen on the screen since Keystone days; and it ends when he drives away again. In the meantime, we are treated to, among other mirthful items, the spectacle of Hulot playing tennis with a trick serve that he picked up from the old lady who sold him his racket, boating in a collapsible canoe, riding—or attempting to ride—a particularly balky horse, and setting off on a picnic party and winding up as chief mourner at the funeral of a total stranger.

In and around all this activity are crowded delightful, slightly satiric vignettes of other, more readily recognizable resort residents: the surly waiter, the cheery old lady, the retired colonel, the businessman perpetually at the telephone, the inevitable bridge players. Since mere form is the least of Tati's worries, he often permits them little gags of their own, like the one involving a resigned little man who seems to spend his entire holiday trotting a few paces behind his formidable wife, or the little boy who turns a sun-glass indiscriminately on a canvas bathing pavillion and a snoozing sun-worshipper. There are even some non-gag scenes that appear to have been included simply because Tati liked them; for example, a charming sequence in which a tiny tot buys two ice cream cones, toils up a huge flight of stairs, hands one of the cones to an even tinier tot, and then the two sit solemnly watching as a waiter festoons the hall for a dance.

Tati—"slightest gesture creates chaos."

Ideas seem to flow from Tati in a cataract. Like a cataract they are rarely neat or tidy, but their effect is cumulative. By the end of the film, even though Mr. Hulot's fellow guests at the Hôtel de la Plage are understandably relieved to be rid of him, the chances are that they—like the audience—will miss him just a little. Jacques Tati is the kind of performer who grows on one.

"MR. HULOT'S Holiday" is a one-man film, and no doubt about it since Tati not only stars in it but wrote and directed it as well. If **"Hobson's Choice,"** a spry and amiable new British comedy, isn't equally a one-man show, it's because Charles Laughton is playing against stiffer competition. Laughton has been away from the screen too long, and there is real pleasure in having him back with a role that makes full use of his talents. But it is a curious thing that Laughton, the actor, will frequently permit himself liberties of style and taste that Laughton, the director, would never allow. As a stern Lancashire bootmaker in Victorian England who rules over his three motherless daughters with an iron hand, he rolls and rants and snorts to his heart's content. Obviously, director David Lean gave him his head and hoped for the best.

It is to Laughton's credit that, for the most part, he got it. From his opening belch to his final sigh of resignation, Laughton's emphasis may be excessive, but every bit of it adds to his portrait of a narrow-minded, domineering, self-indulgent merchant who thoroughly deserves the come-uppance he receives from his daughters. There are moments in the film that rival anything he has ever done on the screen. But for most of the picture his magnificent mugging is set against the delicacy and finesse of Brenda de Banzie as Maggie, his rebellious oldest daughter, and John Mills's quietly effective development of little Willie Mossop from a timid, illiterate, grimy factory hand into a self-assured, even aggressive entrepreneur. Their work has a depth and dignity that never quite permits Laughton to steal the show. Indeed, all the performers in the large and capable cast convey a warmth and humor that make the film irresistibly appealing.

And this is all to the good, for "Hobson's Choice" is essentially a human comedy. Adapted from a play by Harold Brighouse, it centers about Maggie's rebellion from her close-fisted father, running off with his best workman to open a rival shop of her own. Hobson's "choice," as it turns out, is made for him by Maggie when she sees to it that both her sisters are married to the men they want, and with a substantial dowry into the bargain. While rather a slim basis for comedy, what really matters is the people in it—old Hobson, who roars at his daughters and tipples a bit too heavily with his fellow-burghers at the Moonrakers Club; Maggie, who knows her own mind and her father's too; Willie Mossop, the expert bootmaker who is reluctant to give up his eighteen shillings a week at Hobson's to become a partner in both business and marriage with the strong-willed Maggie; not to mention Maggie's two decorative sisters, their awkward swains, and the cluster of delightful Lancashire types at the Moonrakers. It is they who give the film its substance as well as much of its charm. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

The Vital Off-Center

LOOKING over some clippings recently I discovered that television has come of age about two and a half times annually during the past four years and that it is reported suffering from hardening of the frequencies about three times a year—but this only during the past two years. All of these analyses are probably correct. Television is probably as good as can be expected, and perhaps the thing for us to do is to start expecting something different. What we expect we can hope for, what we hope for we can create—more or less. What we do not imagine, we will never make come to pass.

I imagine a television service as varied, as useful, as interesting as the theatre, the magazine, the newspaper, the school; the kind of television Walt Whitman might have sung about (while the sponsors beamed with pleasure over the ratings). A television popular and changing and growing and always being a little ahead of the demands of its audience and never behindhand in giving the audience what the audience really needs.

And I am convinced that this kind of television cannot come into existence without a strong cooperative effort from a hundred stations today and perhaps a thousand stations tomorrow. I am sure that the blight of the slick routine program which fell over radio and weakened it so that it collapsed, without dignity because it was without conviction, could have been avoided if the making of programs had not been so concentrated in a few centers. Radio with roots in five hundred places would have withstood television until television came to those places, at least; radio in which the Hollywood comedians complained, while half the country had never seen a television show, that they were broadcasting "strictly for the Dakotas" was asking to be destroyed.

There is no threat to the supremacy of television on any horizon I can see. The coming of color will not be too difficult to take in stride; and the commercial strength of color-TV will make us forget, for a long time, that the natural place for television to come to rest is not in its present band but in the ultra-high frequencies. Maybe twenty-five years from now a technological revolution will solve the UHF problem. Until then, the television business in all its divisions can go confidently on; it can dull the bright picture we had glimpsed at the beginning and still be successful.

Yet it will be only half as good as it might be, and perhaps somehow an inkling of this half-goodness will make people vaguely dissatisfied; maybe they'll turn on their sets as they turned radio on, without paying much attention; maybe they'll drift into—into what, I do not know. Indifference, perhaps. There's always a danger.

As soon as the production of radio programs went into the hands of the big stations and the big advertising agencies, critics began to cry aloud for the regional voice, for the local accent, and a few efforts were made to use the network outlets, to originate a program now and then from Buffalo or Richmond. But for the most part these were local contributions to a program essentially national in character. The creative elements were few: the daytime serial out of Chicago, and Stoopnagle and Bud from upstate New York. What other definite *styles* were created?

Much in radio has to be network because it is national in interest, and only national support can pay for the program. This is a more acute situation in television because the costs are so much higher and the facilities for production hardly exist outside of half a dozen places. The consequence is that New York and Hollywood completely dominate the situation, and each year's investment creates a bigger monolith on each coast, a vested interest that has to protect itself against experiment elsewhere.

I suggest that the statesmen of broadcasting look at this situation and apply themselves to remedy it. I suggest that one of our great foundations should explore the possibilities of action.

The first action would be to find out what kind of programs local stations could produce, and this might—indeed it should—involve the creation of programs specifically for local production. (In radio, local stations satisfied themselves occasionally with small-town versions of big-town shows, "folks" on panels instead of personalities. No one bothered to think of the materials and methods natural to a local station.)

Then the possibilities of exchanging locally produced programs need to be investigated. This would be one step before integration into the network schedule, a natural and not undesirable last step for the locally made program.

The mind goes to a production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" by the high-school graduating class and the heart says, "Please, no." Quite rightly. These things should be produced, but not transmitted too far. The error of the wrong material can be avoided as soon as a study of the right material has been made.

I mentioned a couple of cities up above, and they were not chosen at random. In "A Municipal Report," a story of Richmond, O. Henry ends with the question every lover of his country should take to heart: "I wonder what's doing in Buffalo?"

Enough, I venture, to create fine TV programs. —GILBERT SELDES.

Only 2 WEEKS to take advantage of NEW YORK'S BIGGEST MUSICAL BARGAIN

10 STADIUM CONCERTS TICKETS FOR $10 Good for any night of 8-week season

"Music Under the Stars" at Lewisohn Stadium
8 nights a week—June 21st thru July 31st

Stadium Concerts

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS
on sale thru June 26th only:

★ $2 cash saving
★ transferable — may be shared
★ no standing on line
★ can be used for all performances — as many tickets as you wish for any night

BUY YOURS TODAY by mail or in person from Stadium Box Office, Amsterdam Ave. & 138 St. (AD 4-5800) Daily 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Stadium Concerts office, 50 W. 57 St., (CI 7-7575), Mon. thru Sat. 9:30 to 6; or Steinway Hall Box Office, 113 W. 57 St. (CI 7-5534). Also at Macy's Parkchester, Flatbush and Jamaica; Bloomingdale's; Lord & Taylor; and all Sachs Quality Stores.

FAMOUS SOLOISTS:
FIRKUSNY, RABIN, KIRSTEN, ARRAU, PONS, ELMAN, WARFIELD, HENRIOT, PEERCE, NOVOTNA, NIKOLAIDI and many others

GREAT CONDUCTORS
BOULT, MONTEUX, KOSTELANETZ, SMALLENS, SCHERMAN, others

SPECIAL EVENTS:
"FLEDERMAUS"
JOSE GRECO & CO.
"SHOW BOAT"
ITALIAN NIGHT
VIENNESE NIGHT
GERSHWIN NIGHT
ALL-AMERICAN GALA
RODGERS-HAMMERSTEIN NIGHT

STADIUM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of 96

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Over 1,000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free, illustrated brochure. *We can Publish Your Book.*

EXPOSITION PRESS
Dept. SR-46, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16
In Calif.: 9172 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's World Travel Calendar

JULY, AUGUST

Africa

ZULU DANCING *(Inanda, near Durban, July 23-29)*: Main attraction at the colorful *Shembe Festival.*

Austria

MASSED BANDS *(Innsbruck, July 10)*: Performances by some 200 musicians dressed in regional costumes.

BREGENZ FESTIVAL *(Bregenz, July 24-Aug. 15)*: "Die Fledermaus," "Hamlet," ballet, concerts.

SALZBURG FESTIVAL *(Salzburg, July 25-August 30)*: "Everyman," "Der Freischütz," "Così fan tutte," "Don Giovanni," "Ariadne auf Naxos," Mozart concerts, etc.

FAIR *(Dornbirn, Vorarlberg, July 30-Aug. 8)*: The sixth Export, Sample, and Textile Fair.

TYROLESE MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Innsbruck, Aug. 14-29)*: About 150 bands from Austria and other countries compete.

FEAST OF ASSUMPTION *(Nationwide, Aug. 15)*: Bonfires on mountain peaks, especially near Innsbruck.

Belgium

BLESSING THE SEA *(Ostend, July 4; Heist-Duinbergen and La Panne, Aug. 15).*

FAIR *(Brussels, July 17-Aug. 29).*

PROCESSION *(Furnes, July 25)*: World-famous parade of the Penitents.

WEDDING OF THE GIANTS *(Ath, Aug. 21, 22)*: Historical procession, folkloric fete.

Britain

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Stratford-Upon-Avon, July 1-Oct. 30)*: "Othello," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Troilus and Cressida."

MYSTERY PLAYS *(York, July 1-4)*: Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia," "Love in a Village," and "A Dinner Engagement," all operas, in addition to ancient plays.

TENNIS *(Wimbledon, July 1-3)*: All-England Lawn Tennis Championships.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Glyndebourne, July 1-27; British Contemporary Music, Cheltenham, July 3-17; International Music Eisteddfod, Llangollen, Wales, July 6-11; Dolmetsch Festival of Early English Music, Haslemere, July 17-24; Canterbury Festival, Canterbury, July 26-Aug. 7; Royal National Eisteddfod, Swansea, Aug. 2-7; Edinburgh Festival, Edinburgh, Aug. 22-Sept. 11).*

GOLF *(Southport, July 5-9)*: British Open.

FLOWER FESTIVAL *(Shrewsbury, Aug. 19).*

Canada

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVALS *(Stratford, July 1-Aug. 21)*: "Measure for Measure," "Oedipus Rex," "Taming of the Shrew," with James Mason in first two; *(Toronto, July 5-31)*: Earle Grey Players to present "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night."

STAMPEDE *(Calgary, July 5-10).*

INDIAN DAYS *(Banff, July 15-18).*

RELIGIOUS FEAST *(Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, July 26).*

EMPIRE GAMES *(Vancouver, B.C., July 31-Aug. 7)*: Top athletes of British Empire, including England's Gordon Pirie and Australia's John Landy, to participate.

GAELIC MOD *(St. Ann's, N.S., Aug. 6-11).*

GOLF *(Montreal, Que., Aug. 20-22)*: Canada Cup matches.

FAIR *(Ottawa, Aug. 21-28)*: Central Canada Exhibition.

Central America

FISHING CONTEST *(Panama, July 15-Aug. 15)*: Second international marlin, sailfish tournament.

SAINT'S FEAST *(Managua, Nicaragua, Aug. 1-10)*: Carnival part of tribute to country's patron saint.

RELIGIOUS FEAST *(Cartago, Costa Rica, Aug. 2)*: Famous Black Virgin statue figures prominently in celebration.

SANTO DOMINGO *(Granada, Nicaragua, Aug. 14-30)*: Parade, folk dancing, fiesta.

MOTHER'S DAY *(Costa Rica, Aug. 15)*: Salute to mothers on Assumption Day.

France

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Lyon-Charbonnières, July 1-8; Arles, July 1-11; Toulon, July 2-15; Aix-en-Provence, July 10-30; Avignon, July 15-27; Perpignan, July 20-Aug. 10; Evian, July 25-Aug. 3; Orange, July 31-Aug. 6; Aix-les-Bains, Aug. 1-10; Monton, Aug. 3-15; Vaison La Romaine, Aug. 27-30; Besançon, Sept. 8-12).*

FOUNTAIN DISPLAYS *(Versailles, July 11, 18; Aug. 1, 8, 15, 29).*

BASTILLE DAY *(Nationwide, July 14)*: Most spectacular celebration takes place in Paris.

PILGRIMAGE *(Lourdes, July 16; Aug. 15)*: Marian Year treks.

BATTLE OF FLOWERS *(Cannes, Aug. 23).*

Germany

"DER KINDERZECHE" *(Dinkelsbühl, July 16-25)*: Play about the Children's Feast.

WAGNER FESTIVAL *(Bayreuth, July 22-Aug. 22)*: "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Parsifal."

GRAND WEEK *(Baden Baden, Aug. 25-31).*

Greece

CLASSIC DANCES *(Athens, July, August)*: Dances, symphonic concerts staged in open-air Odeon of Herodes Atticus.

RELIGIOUS FETES *(Corfu, Aug. 11, Feast of St. Spyridon; Nationwide, Assumption Day, Aug. 15; Cephalonia, Veneration of St. Gherasimos, Aug. 16; Zante, St. Dionysios' Day, Aug. 24).*

Holland

HOLLAND FESTIVAL *(Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, July 1-15)*: "Otello," "The Magic Flute," choral concerts by Netherlands Bach Society, ballet, drama.

FLOWER FESTIVAL *(The Hague, Aug. 1-7)*: Children's contests, dances, parade.

RING TILTING *(Island of Walcheren, Aug. 26)*: Medieval sport revived by young farmers.

Ireland

AUTO RACES *(Wicklow Circuit, July 10).*

TENNIS *(Sligo, July 12-17)*: West of Ireland Championships.

PILGRIMAGES *(Palmerstown and Croagh Patrick, both July 25).* Croagh Patrick is Ireland's Holy Mountain.

GOLF *(Dublin, Aug. 31)*: Irish Amateur Open.

Italy

ART EXHIBIT *(Venice, July-Oct.)*: Famous biennial exhibit.

PALIO *(Siena, July 2; Aug. 16)*: Unorthodox horse race around town square; flag tossing.

RELIGIOUS FESTA *(Naples, July 16)*: Feast of the Madonna del Carmine.

GONDOLA FETE *(Venice, July 18)*: Feast of the Redeemer on Grand Canal.

Japan

"O-BON" *(Nationwide, July 13-16)*: Festival of Lanterns held to salute the departed.

"GION-MATSURI" *(Kyoto, July 15-24)*: Parade of floats to Yasaka Shrine.

DUMMY FESTIVAL *(Tsugaru, Aug. 1-4)*: Floats decorated with caricatures of men, birds.

STAR FESTIVAL *(Sendai, Aug. 6-8)*: Largest of its kind in Japan.

Mexico

DANCE FESTIVAL *(Oaxaca, July 19)*: National celebration; dancers from all regions.

PROCESSION *(Saltillo, Aug. 6)*: Religious celebration.

PARADE *(Paracho, Aug. 8).*

COSTUME DANCES *(Juchitan, Aug. 12-15).*

Spain

MUSIC, DANCE FESTIVAL *(Granada, July 1, 2).*

RUN OF THE BULLS *(Pamplona, July 4-11).*

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL *(Santiago de Compostela, July 23-27)*: Little Holy Year, since the Feast of St. James the Apostle falls on Sunday. Many pilgrimages; part of Marian Year observance.

SEMANA GRANDE *(San Sebastian, Aug. 8-15)*: Regattas, sports meets, music, folklore.

"THE MYSTERY OF ELCHE" *(Elche, Aug. 14, 15)*: Ancient lyrical-liturgical drama.

Sweden

CHURCH BOAT RACE *(Leksand, July 1-5).*

ALLEGORICAL PLAY *(Leksand, July 10-20)* "The Road to Heaven."

OPERA *(Froso, July 15)*: "Arnljot," about Viking era.

Switzerland

FILM FESTIVAL *(Locarno, July 1-12).*

"WILLIAM TELL" *(Interlaken, July 3, 11, 18, 22, 25, 29; Aug. 1, 5, 8, 12, 15, 22, 29; Sept. 5).*

MUSIC, DANCING FESTIVALS *(St. Gall, July 3-6; Braunwald, July 12-23; Northeastern Swiss Yodelling Festival, Wadenswil, July 17, 18; Concert Weeks, Engadine, July 20-Aug. 20; "Fêtes de Genève," Geneva, Aug. 13-15; Six Nations Dance Festival, Scuol-Tarasp-Vulpera Spa, Aug. 14, 15, Ascona, Aug. 15-Sept. 15.)*

Tahiti

"THE FETE" *(July 14-21)*: Salute to independence top celebration in Tahiti. Native singers, dancers perform; canoe races, parades.

USA

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Pacific Coast Festival, Santa Barbara, Cal., July 1-4; "Faust" and "Ariadne auf Naxos," Central City, Colo., July 1-24; Ravinia Park Festival, Chicago, Ill., July 1-August 15; Aspen Institute, featuring concerts, lectures, forums, seminars, Aspen, Colo., July 1-Sept. 5; Seven Arts Festival, Pike, N.H., July 4-19; Berkshire Festival, Tanglewood in Lenox, Mass., July 7-Aug. 15; Castle Hill, Ipswich, Mass., Fridays, Saturdays, July 9-Aug. 21; Red Rocks Festival, Denver, Colo., July-Aug. 15; Bennington, Vt., Aug. 16-30; Chicagoland Music Festival, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 21.)*

DUTCH FOLK FESTIVAL *(Kutztown, Pa., July 2-5)*: Regional dishes, arts, crafts, dancing.

"OLD HOMESTEAD" *(Swanzey, N.H., July 9-11).*

COUNTRY DANCE FESTIVAL *(Amherst, Mass., July 16)*: Some 5,000 dancers take part.

Yugoslavia

TENNIS *(Kvarner Riviera, July 19-24)*: Championship matches.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Dubrovnik, July 1- Sept. 30; Opera, Pula, July 4-25; Ljubljana, July 4-12; Folklore Festival, Opatija, July 11-18; Historic pageant, Island of Korcula, July 27).*

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Down Where the Witch Hobble and Turtle Head Grows

GATLINEURG, TENN.

THE NEAREST thing to a wide open space east of the wide open spaces is the immense blob of real estate known as the Great Smoky Mountains that deploys east, west, and south of this trim mountain city. There aren't very many cowboy hats hereabouts, but people say "kitched," "heerd," and "skeered." And they like mountain music. Also mountain dew.

There aren't any mountain people left inside the 720 square miles of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, which was acquired by the joint efforts of Tennessee and North Carolina and by John D. Rockefeller, who matched the states' donations dollar for dollar. The late President Roosevelt stood astride the North Carolina-Tennessee border on Labor Day 1940 and dedicated the preserve as a Federal tract. A few weeks later Ernie Pyle arrived on the scene and wrote eleven columns the first of which began:

> Gatlinburg, Tenn. Oct. 24, 1940—For four years I've been trying to get to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and to write some masterful columns about the astounding manner in which Nature splattered her contours and evolutions over this part of the globe.
>
> But I monkeyed around and monkeyed around, and the first thing I knew here was President Roosevelt down here dedicating the thing, and stealing all my glory.

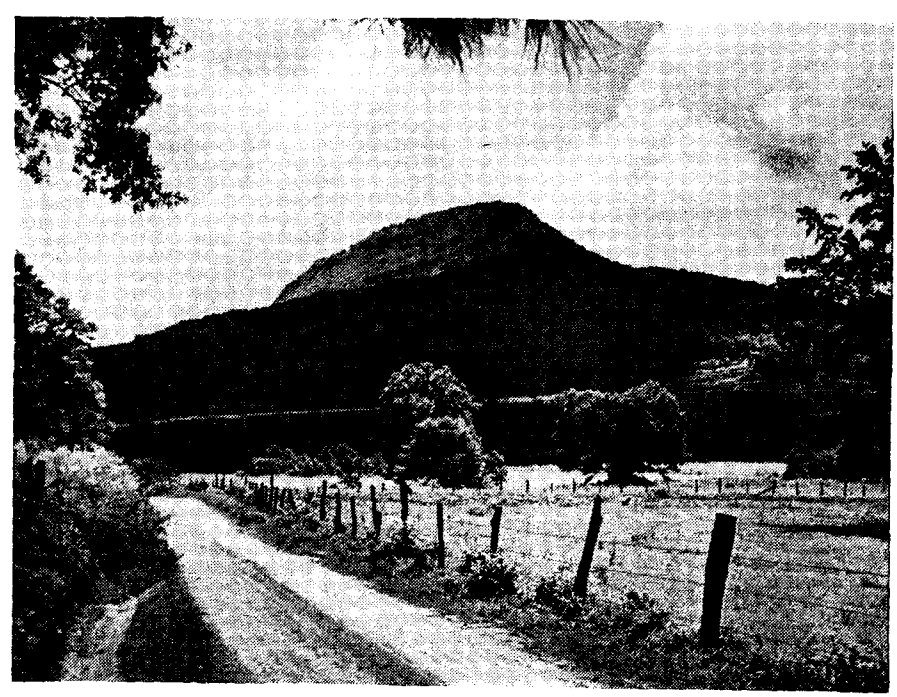
In the fourteen years that have passed since the fall of '40, the Great Smokies have become the nation's most popular park, outdrawing Yellowstone, Yosemite, and other reservations where the earth blows smoke rings, sprays geysers on schedule, blows mud bubbles, and performs other sideshow attractions. The draw down in the Smokies is largely bears and flowers, aside from the phenomenon of the blue haze that hangs over the peaks like a cumulus bank over a Saturday night poker table.

The bears are black, weigh in as heavy as 400 pounds, and feed on beechnuts, acorns, lollipops, unprotected knapsacks, and peanut butter sandwiches. Also honey, fudge, and the noon lunch if left unguarded on the car seat. Despite the fact that the bruins are unpossessed of the slightest conversance with the minimum standards for social behavior, and have been known to take a four hundred-pound swipe at someone whose lunch has fallen short of their appetite, the bears are still the most popular beings in the park. The appearance of a troupe of them along a park highway on a Sunday afternoon when the cars are bumper to bumper is sure to result in what the rangers call a "bear jam."

As for flora, a local botanical census taker has recorded between 1,300 and 1,500 different types of plants on hand and all together more kinds of trees than grow in all of Europe. There are silver bell trees that bloom pink and white, but are called gopher wood by local folks—the tree used by Noah when he built the ark, or so says the park naturalist. There are acres of mountain laurel, except that it is called ivy, which blooms in May and more acres of rhododendron, which blooms between June 10 and 15 in great patches known, for reasons that escape me, as laurel slicks. And the woods are full of hearts-a-bustin'-with-love, solomon seal, virgin's bower, St. John's wort, witch hobble, turtle head, Joe-Pye weed, and pink moccasin, which is just one of twenty-six types of orchids within the borders.

Down along the Oconaluftee River a pioneer homestead has been set up using buildings abandoned by mountain people who moved on when the National Park Service took over. The barn sits on its original site where it functioned as a resting place for cattle being driven up from North Carolina into Tennessee. There is a chicken house that is skunk- and weasel-proof, a bee gum stand where the hollows of natural black gum trees were used in place of more formal bee-hives. In the shelter of other rough-hewn buildings the mountaineers made their own cloth starting from scratch—shearing the sheep, carding and spinning the wool, then dying it in an ooze made from herbs, leaves, and roots. Hickory bark for gray, walnut root for brown, and wild coreopsis for orange red. They stored pumpkins, potatoes, turnips, and apples in the apple house, cured hams in the smoke house, and made moonshine out of corn ever since the days of the Revolution. The current rate for corn liquor is $4 a gallon retail but it is (a) slightly illegal and (b) somewhat unsafe, since unwashed oil drums are being used to store the mash.

About a mile or so down the road from the pioneer homestead is the Cherokee Indian reservation, a preserve outside the limits of the park set aside for the 3,300 descendants of the Cherokees who resisted the removal of the tribe to Oklahoma in 1838. The saga of the Cherokees, including their forced removal by soldiers under Gen. Winfield Scott, is depicted each summer in a pageant called "Unto These Hills" performed in a mountainside theatre under the



Lookout Mountain—"no smoke rings, mud bubbles, or geysers on schedule."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT CIRCLE ROUTE

Lowest Air Fares to Europe

Regular Scheduled Flights, CAB Certificated. Douglas 4-engine Skymasters. Skilled Scandinavian pilots and crew. Limit 55 passengers per flight. Reservations available!

save
$84.40 to GERMANY
$118.40 to NORWAY
$104.20 to DENMARK or SWEDEN
on roundtrips

Connections to all principal cities. Seventh year successful international operation.

Ask Your Travel Agent or

ICELANDIC AIRLINES

15 West 47th Street
New York 36, PL 7-8585

Freighter Voyages

Travel *the comfortable leisurely way.* Be one of an intimate ships company on a voyage of adventure and romance. Visit Japan, Manila, Hong Kong. See Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Spotless cheerful Norwegian ships. Luxurious cabins with private bath or showers. Tasteful, tempting meals — smorgasbord. Courteous, capable English speaking Officers, stewardesses and crews. For real satisfaction nothing equals freighter travel. Enjoy the best via the IVARAN LINES
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE

IVARAN Lines

STOCKARD & COMPANY INC.
General Agents
17 BATTERY PLACE NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

GREECE $545
AUGUST
The Islands, Asia Minor & Istanbul.
A Cruise in Classical Seas.
Distinguished leadership staff. Athens, Delphi, Olympia, Troy, Didyma, Paros, Myconos, Crete, Mycenae, Pergamon and many others. Write for illustrated announcement.
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd St. Newton, Mass.

EUROPEAN-BUILT
FORD ABROAD!
FROM $795.52
FINE CARS, INC.
Authorized Exclusive FACTORY Dealer
Dept. S, 154 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. JU 2-4650

stars. The pageant and the Oconaluftee Indian Village will give some idea of how the Cherokees once lived, but the rest of the town varies from the incongruity of Indians running filling stations and a motel to the unfortunate spectacle of Cherokees dressed up in the flamboyant headdress of the Sioux, while twirling ropes in front of their souvenir shops to attract the TV-conditioned, pint-sized tourists. The more obvious drugstore Indians aside, the youngsters may have fun at the local wigwam of Chief Saunook on the yonder side of the Oconaluftee River reachable only by means of a swinging bridge. One would think that the dignity of his office would be enough, but the chief is perhaps proudest of the fact that he was once the wrestling partner of Herman Hickman, a barefoot boy from Tennessee who achieved a measure of fame by masterminding the fall activities in the Yale Bowl and later by spouting erudition over the air waves.

If there are any pioneers yet among us, about the ruggedest life remaining in the Smokies is to pitch a tent and unroll a sleeping bag at one of the five established camp grounds in the area which come complete with tables and benches, fireplaces and comfort stations. For more permanent abode there is a lodge on top of Mount Le Conte where you can see the sunrise or the sunset, but you'll have to walk into it.

Pioneers of my genre, and other disciples of Lewis and Clark, will find a variety of more conventional accommodations in Gatlinburg, which, as I seem already to have indicated, is a delightful mountain resort town, modern, polished, and clean, and looking as if it were built all at once and is just waiting to be dedicated. There are four full-fledged hotels on hand which I suspect will be better and cheaper than what you might have anticipated. Anyway, the four, the Greystone, the Mountain View, the New Gatlinburg, and the New Riverside have *all* been recommended by Duncan Hines in one of the greatest sweeps since Sherman's march to the sea. The New Riverside is completely air-conditioned, the New Gatlinburg can offer some cooled suites, and you can figure singles at about $10, doubles beginning at about $8 per person with all meals included.

In addition to the hotels there are some six dozen or so motels, cottages, bungalows, motor courts, shacks, shanties, and other unclassifiable shelter ranging from Mrs. McGimpsey's Cottages to Ogle's Pigeon River Cabins. Two whose locations looked inviting are the Town Court Motel, which sets out roomy Adirondack chairs by the front door **not** more than a yard or two from the shore of the West Fork of Little Pigeon River which rambles through town, and the Twin Islands Motel next door where the cabins are actually on islands with the river running all around.

THERE are a few swimming pools hither and yon, and by mid-summer a cable car will take visitors zooming up over the main street to the crest of an overhanging Smoky. Besides these divertissements and, of course, the park itself, Gatlinburg is lined with all sorts of bazaars selling the goods of the mountains. You can take home local honey, which comes in a variety of flavors, among them sourwood, buckwheat, and wild flower. There is also creamed sorghum molasses to spread on toast, and for those who would carry along a bit of the indigent atmosphere to alien fields there is a Southland Special containing specially prepared mixes for hush puppies, chicken dumplings, and—to go with this—a bottle of sorghum.

There are locally loomed tablecloths, aprons, and napkins, silver mountain jewelry made in the mountains around Asheville, and pottery that is somewhat less artistic than what you'll find in the mountain fastnesses of Sweden and Finland. Nylon handbags are turned out by a thriving cottage industry, and a giant emporium called The Old Country Store, only slightly smaller than an armory, sells patchwork quilts made by mountain ladies when it is winter in the land and not much to do but sew. They come in patterns called sunflower, Dutch doll, tulip, and double wedding ring, and prices start at $42.50. The same store also puts out country hams which look rather disreputable since they have been salted for four months, then dipped in hot water and rubbed in black pepper and what the lady at the counter insisted was borax. This mix seals the pores of the ex-porker, and hocks are sold at $1.20 the pound.

The Wood Whittlers on Roaring Fork Road whittle, oh, you guessed it, wood. They also make furniture to order, as does the Woodshed. Dorothy MacLean's has artful southeastern gear—iron toasting forks, brass candelabra, and salad bowls of Philippine mahogany guaranteed to have been carved in the mountains. At Stalcup's Laurelwood Shop you can watch the bees make honey, and there is also an arangement so men can fish out the back window while their wives are shopping in the front of the store. Never waste a minute.

—HORACE SUTTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

AMERICAN THOUGHT: A Critical Sketch. By Morris R. Cohen. The Free Press. $5. A critical study of the American mind and how it has worked on such things as scientific thought, political thought, religious thought, and so forth.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NORMAN DOUGLAS. By Cecil Woolf. British Book Centre. $9. A complete bibliography, with foreign translations of individual works, and a listing of contributions to periodicals.

THE BIRD'S NEST. By Shirley Jackson. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A new gloomy Sunday by Miss Jackson about a mentally maladjusted girl of twenty-three, who, when the moon is deep in the woods, splits into four personalities and of how she is eventually cured.

THE BULLS OF SAN ISIDORO. By M. Saint-Paulien. Translated by Herma Briffault. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75. A heavy-breathing novel from Spain, which tells of the embroilments of a wealthy Spanish aristocratic family get into when the Spanish Civil War breaks out all over them.

DOCTOR DAN: PIONEER IN AMERICAN SURGERY. By Helen Buckler. Little, Brown & Co. $5. A biography of a sturdy, selfless man, Dr. Daniel Williams, who, as a Negro with white skin, became one of this country's best surgeons, the founder of the first interracial hospital, the modernizer of Freedmen's in Washington, and a staff member of St. Luke's in Chicago.

FAREWELL, MY GENERAL. By Shirley Seifert. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. The short, happy, hectic life together of Jeb Stuart, the great Confederate general, and his wife Flora, whose father fought for the Union. A fictionalization.

THE GREEN PLACE. By Keith Jennison. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3. The setting: New York's Central Park. The time: the length and breadth of a single day. The action: Johnny Drake tries to reconcile himself with a new job at an ad agency, and gets involved, circumstantially, in the death of another man.

HUNTER'S CHOICE. By Alexander Lake. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A collection of memoirs about the author's hair-raising life as a professional big game hunter in Africa, which include, in addition to the regular things, recipes for such delicacies as sour-sweet ostrich eggs and baked hippo ham.

INCONSTANT LADY. By Nigel Heseltine. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A novel, tongued with wit, about a loosely grooved band of expatriates, who are mostly Irish, and who wander hither and yon from Paris to Naples and on.

THE LOVING MEDDLER. By Rosamond Marshall. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. This newest bucketful of Mrs. Marshall's sentences deals with a fix-it, who is the youngest daughter of ten belonging to a widow.

MAN ABOVE HUMANITY. By Walter Bromberg. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. A history of mental healing, or psychotherapy as it is called, from the earliest use of amulets and witchcraft to the work of psychiatrists and the mind healing of Mary Baker Eddy.

MARY ANNE. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A portrait of one Mary Anne Clarke, an icy, somewhat libidinous girl from the slums, who bandied the Duke of York around, died in exile, and was none other than the author's great-great-grandmother.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM. Translated by Count Eric Lewenhaupt. E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.75. The autobiography of the soldier-statesman who stopped the Russians cold for three and a half months at the outbreak of the last war, gave his name to a military line, and served as Finland's president until 1946.

MRS. CANDY STRIKES IT RICH. By Robert Tallant. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The further adventures of Mrs Candy, the New Orleans landlady and matchmaker. Here, her husband, Henry, strikes oil, with the result that Mrs. C. begins to step it some, only to find that money, like lemons, can pucker things up—her matchmaking fails, her parties are dull, and her old friends call her snob.

N.Y., N.Y. By Will Oursler. Coward-McCann. $3.50. A heavily loaded merry-go-round set in New York, involving a murdered dock worker, a publisher, a newspaperman, an art student, a couple of richies, a mistress, a jeweller, and much more.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL ACT AND PUNISHMENT. By Gregory Zilboorg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. A study of crime in the new lights of psychology and of the outdated, non-scientific means of punishment that still persist in this country. The author is a practicing psychiatrist. A winner of the Isaac Ray Award.

THE QUIET WOMAN. By Agnes Adams Fisher. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.75. A sorrowing tale about a man who cannot get a divorce from his New York upper-crust wife. He solves the problem by leaving for his Wisconsin birthplace with the lady of his choice, a singer. There they have children, are finally accepted by the townspeople, and are punished with a stillborn child and the death by drowning of another.

THE ROMANTIC EGOISTS. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A collection of "casuals" and short stories by Mr. Auchincloss, who is rapidly becoming our Edith Wharton, about days in preparatory school, in the Navy, a law office, abroad, and elsewhere.

SEX IN HISTORY. By G. Rattray Taylor. Vanguard Press. $4. An attempt to chart the changing sexual attitudes in the West over the past thousand years or so.

VILLAINS GALORE. By Mary Noel. The Macmillan Co. $5. A light history of the hearts-and-hankies fiction that newspapers began publishing in weekly magazines around 1850, and which was written through the years by such experts as Sylvanus Cobb, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Southworth, and Horatio Alger.

WILLIAM H. WELCH AND THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN MEDICINE. By Donald Fleming. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A biography of the doctor and educator who got modern American medicine on its scientific feet, especially in his work at Johns Hopkins, from the old trial-and-error days that persisted until after the turn of the century.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

Europe

Your Embassy in Europe has over 20 associate offices in all key European cities and selected Representatives throughout the world.

Member of ASTA

TRAVEL THIS FALL
DURING THE THRIFT SEASON
FIRST CLASS AND ECONOMY
ESCORTED TOURS FROM $995.
INDEPENDENT TRIPS
FROM $639

Embassy Tours

1472 Broadway (at 42nd) N.Y.C.

Our perfected 18-HOLE Golf Course
. . . thru pine-carpeted Forests and
over Babbling Brooks . . . awaits You!

Sky High in The White Mountains

Presenting the 5th annual
WHITE MOUNTAINS'
FESTIVAL *of the* 7 ARTS
July 5th to 19th

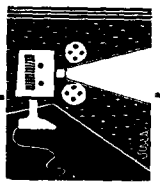
THIS IS THE FESTIVAL . . . *entertaining, provocative, festive days* . . . for Lake Tarleton Club's guests and their friends who'd enjoy an exchange of views and opinions. *Prominent men and women* of the 7 arts *will be presented daily* (one each day) at convenient hours *in out-of-doors discussions* concerning their art's rewards.

Those of the 7 Arts

SALVATORE BACCALONI
Basso, Metropolitan Opera
S. L. M. BARLOW
Critic, Essayist, Composer
BENNETT CERF
Author and Columnist
GERALD CLARK
Foreign Correspondent, "Montreal Star"
NORMAN COUSINS
Author; Editor, "Saturday Review"
ADOLF DEHN
American Artist
CLARENCE DERWENT
Shakespearean Actor
DR. STEPHEN A. FREEMAN
V.P., Middlebury College
MARK GOODSON
Producer TV and Films
MARION GREENWOOD
National Academy Award Painter
HON. HUGH GREGG
Governor of New Hampshire
MOSS HART
Playwright, Director, Author
RICHARD JOSEPH
Author; Travel Editor, "Esquire"
ARTHUR MILLER
Author and Playwright
ARNOLD MOSS
American Actor
PAUL SCOTT MOWRER
Editor and Pulitzer Prize Winner
HARRY SCHWARTZ
Editor, Russian Affairs, "N.Y. Times"
LISA SERGIO
Commentator; Foreign Correspondent
HORACE SUTTON
"Saturday Review" Travel Editor; Author
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
Poet and Author
HON. ROBERT W. UPTON
U.S. Senator, New Hampshire
MAURICE ZOLOTOW
Boswell of the American Theatre

YOUR HOSTS, THE FAMILY JACOBS
Information: FL 7-7632

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IDEAS ON FILM

Appraising the Prizes

IN HOLLYWOOD the ritual of prize-giving is held in great respect. The accolade "award-winning" is held to have magic qualities, and producers have learned that it is good "box office" to create over the years a hierarchy of directors, stars, *et al* with Oscars to their credit. In the 16mm and documentary film fields, too, awards are generally esteemed, though thus far they seem to have had relatively little influence on rentals and sales. Currently, prizes for 16mm and documentary films are being handed out in profusion, and from the looks of things this is only the beginning. Before the largess gets out of hand, it would be well to appraise just what they are trying to accomplish individually, and then assess the situation in general.

Hollywood's Oscars are the oldest American awards in the documentary area. They are limited, however, to those which have had theatrical viewing in the Los Angeles area during the twelve-month period preceding the deadline. A number of splendid films have been singled out since the documentary awards were begun in 1941. Among those that come to mind are Leo Seltzer's "First Steps" (made for the United Nations), Fred Zinneman's "Benjy" (made for the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital), Norman McLaren's "Neighbors" (National Film Board of Canada), George L. George's "Toward Independence" (U.S. Army). Such films reflect the great variety of uses and interests which the documentary can serve. But the judges who are responsible for these awards often (that is to say, too often) seem to take a narrow view in favor of the product emanating from major Hollywood studios. This past year's embarrassing generosity of four separate awards to the Disney studio was evidence enough of the need for additional systems of prize-giving for the non-fiction film.

Several foreign film festivals show and publicize documentary and other non-fiction films, American as well as European. In connection with the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama there are several weeks of film showings (this year from August 22 to September 12). Seven such festivals have already been held, and though American producers and distributors are generally dissatisfied with the way in which films are selected and presented, few fail to show with pride the certificate indicating that *their* film was among those chosen. Diplomas of Merit are given to all films rated "A" by the Edinburgh selection board, but no prizes or trophies are distributed.

At Venice the International Exhibition of Films begins this year on July 6, with a program of documentaries, shorts, and films for children. These showings precede the more publicized festival of feature-length films. Regular prizes and special prizes are given in each of ten categories. In the case of the English-language films, at least, it has been difficult in the past to understand what sorts of jury and voting system are used. I have the feeling, and it is corroborated by the reports of those who have been there, that the Venice award-giving is a bit haphazard, or at least mysterious. Each year there are additional foreign festivals to which American films are invited, and prizes are generally given.

At home, for the fifth consecutive year, *Scholastic Teacher* has presented its own awards to the information films, sponsored films, and filmstrips (ten in each classification) receiving the most votes from its thirty-five member national panel of audio-visual leaders. In the words of Vera Falconer, visual-aids editor of the magazine, "while panel members stress all-round production excellence in judging, major emphasis is on values for schools." This year's recently announced winners were selected from about 140 nominees (nearly 500 were eligible for nomination). This year's *Scholastic Teacher* award winners include McGraw-Hill's Adolescent Development series, and "Frustrating Fours" and "Shyness" (the latter two produced by the National Film Board of Canada); Encyclopaedia Britannica's "American Revolution," "Baltimore Plan," and "Insects"; Young America's "A Citizen Participates," and "Man Without a Country"; Disney's "Seal Island," and the NEA's "Skippy and the Three R's." Runners-up were Churchill-Wexler's "Wonders of the Desert" and Canada's "Land of the Long Day."

In the list of sponsored films, awards went to "A Is for Atom" (General Electric), "The American Road" (Ford), "And the Earth Shall Give Back Life" (Squibb), "Arts and Crafts of the Southwest Indians" (Santa Fe Railway), "Decision for Chemistry" (Monsanto), "Fossil Story" (Shell Oil), "Glass Center of Corning" (Corning), "Hunting with a Camera" (Canadian Travel Bureau), "Oklahoma and its Natural Resources" (Sinclair Oil and U.S. Bureau of Mines), and "Using Bank Credit" (American Bankers Association). Runners-up were "Out of the North" (Nash), "Priceless Heritage" (Jam Handy-Superior Coach), and "Wings to Finland" (Pan American Airways).

The fourth annual film festival was recently held under the auspices of the Boston Film Council, and Cleveland has its own festival later this month (June 16-17). Both give awards in a number of categories—adult education, the arts, industry, classroom, religion, gardening, experimental, general health, public relations, industrial relations, and many others. Stamford and Columbus Film Councils also hold annual festivals and give special awards in *their* own categories. Like the foreign festivals, those at home are rapidly multiplying.

There are many special-interest awards each year. The National Committee on Films for Safety this year selected the Pennsylvania Railroad's "Escape from Limbo" for top honors in the field of occupational safety; Aetna's "Look Who's Driving" and Liberty Mutual's "Peter and the Whifflehound" shared first prize in the traffic and transportation category. The National Jewish Council on Audio-Visual Materials has given its 1954 award to "Isaac and Rebecca," as the best film of the year on Jewish subject matter. This year's winners among the Canadian Film Awards were "The Seasons," "Farewell Oak Street," "The World at Your Feet," and "Episode in Valleydale," none of which is yet in 16mm distribution in the U.S. The Freedoms Foundation gives annual awards to patriotic 16mm films, and special prizes are also given by the National Visual Presentation Association.

In April of this year the first American Film Assembly was held in Chicago under the auspices of the Film Council of America. Its 140 judges actually looked at a total of nearly 400 films right on the premises; they voted one Golden Reel award and two certificates of merit in each of twelve categories. Among these winners were a considerable number which already have been cited as winners elsewhere: "The American Road," "Frustrating Fours," "A Is for Atom," "Skippy and the Three R's," "Look Who's Driving." A considerable portion of the winners were quite new, and not yet widely seen—Willard Van Dyke's "Working and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playing to Health," Jim Davis's "Analogies No. 1" [*SR* April 8], Irving Jacoby's "Man to Man," UNESCO's "World Without End" [*SR* Feb. 13], MPO's "American Farmer," and Canada's down-to-earth discussion films "One Man's Opinion" and "Majority Vote."

Plans for the second American Film Assembly to be held in the spring of 1955 are already being made. Producers, distributors, sponsors, and users are being asked to give suggestions for improving the methods of selecting, screening, and judging entrants in the competition. As the biggest and most publicized 16mm contest yet held in this country, the Assembly's Golden Reel Film Festival has had its due share of criticism, friendly and otherwise. More than any other prize-giving activity, this one has had film people talking.

As I wrote when the subject of film awards came up in last month's article about the American Film Assembly, there are kinks to be ironed out, hurt feelings which perhaps only time can heal, opposing ideas about which film really deserved to win in each category. My feeling is that it will not be possible to please everyone. It never is. But the Film Council of America itself has as important a need as anyone to see that the best possible judgments are made. The winners go out under its banner: if they don't look like winners, the reflection will be unfortunate.

One more contest, albeit without prizes, was Cinema 16's recent poll, in which its members selected as their favorite films shown at this year's regular programs UPA's "Unicorn in the Garden" (based on the Thurber story and drawings), Edgar M. Queeny's "Latuko" (documentary on life in Africa), Helen Levitt's "In the Street," McLaren's "Neighbors," Canada's "Angotee" (by the team which made "Land of the Long Day"), and William Novik's "Images Médiévales" (distributed with American narration by Film Images). An earlier vote on "first films" put Flora Mock's "Waiting" far in the lead, with Morton Heilig's "City Without Wheels" in second place. Those who voted, among Cinema 16's five thousand members, identified themselves as 75 per cent college graduates, and 55 per cent between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. It helps to know a little about the judges as well as about the judged.

How well do the prizes cover this scattered and often incongruous 16mm field? I cannot say that I feel all the awards have gone to deserving films, nor that all deserving films have been rewarded. But even if I were to make my own personal list of "best" films for the year, probably everyone else would find it inadequate or cockeyed. And likely as not, I would want to disagree with it a year or a month later.

TO DATE my prize goes to the annual City College-Cinema 16 Award. I like its simple purpose—"for creative merit." I admire its nine judges, individually and collectively, and the fact that their names are published. I applaud the fact that when they were unable to reach a decision on this year's winner, they gave three top prizes—to "The Conquest of Everest," to Ed Murrow's See It Now film entitled "Argument in Indianapolis," and to George Stoney's "All My Babies." The films could hardly have differed more. The Everest film was a British feature-length epic in color, breathlessly difficult to achieve and spectacular to watch. How, the judges asked themselves, could this motion picture be compared with the tense close-up journalistic editing of trouble in Indianapolis between the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Legion, which turned out to be even more stirring on a theatre screen than it had been via television? And how indeed could either film be compared with the sensitive story of birth and life in rural Georgia, as seen by a Negro midwife? Each judge had his favorite, and while he acknowledged that the other two were fine films, he felt adamant that his film should win. The only solution that satisfied the nine judges was to give three top awards. With three honorable mentions, it made an almost one-to-one ratio of judges and films. However, in other years the group has completely withheld the top award, when no candidate was judged good enough. This kind of prize-giving takes time and interest. It requires personal and group deliberation.

I would ask no more of the prize-givers than that they undertake their work as seriously as if it were their profession. Objectives should be specified, procedures should be made known, the kind of judging and names of judges should be published. As matters now stand, there are many problems. In one case, awards are given under a banner of celebrated names who in all likelihood have not even seen the films which were entered in the competition. In another case not all films are screened by all judges; therefore good films which have been seen more are apt to win over good films which have been seen less. In nearly all cases, little effort has been made to judge the films on more than a first-impression, haphazard basis. There is still the distinction to be made between a competition and a lottery.

One other problem about the awards is that there are so many. Already many distributors are balking at having to find reasonably appropriate "categories" in which their films can be judged. Even more of a problem is the matter of supplying free prints to the various local festivals, often for long-drawn-out periods of time. As one distributor recently complained, "I could keep ten prints of every film completely tied up, simply by sending them around to the various festivals and competitions, here and abroad. Some of them wouldn't even come back, and that would be that." This distributor has just about decided in future to pick the contest as carefully as a judge could be expected to select the winning film. Another film organization, in the spirit of fair play and high confidence, is entering only films which have not already won first prizes elsewhere.

The biggest accomplishment of the awards is that they can keep people thinking about films. It is not important for you to agree with the judges just as long as your opinion is a thoughtful one. I am reminded of a reader who recently complained that he totally disagreed with my review of a particular film. He felt that I must have made a mistake, because as he said he usually agrees with everything I write. My reaction was this: "Thank goodness that you disagree so decidedly in this case. Otherwise how could you be sure that you have a mind of your own?"

Awards are symbols of opinion, invitations to controversy. Everyone concerned can find lots of ground for complaint and quarreling. That is because all of us feel as competent as the next guy to judge the merits and demerits of a motion picture. But awards are also fun. My own opinion is that, like infatuations, they should not be taken too seriously. You'll know when the real thing comes along.

—CECILE STARR.

NEWS NOTE: A six-day conference devoted to the Art of the Film is to be held at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis from June 21 to 26, under the direction of George Amberg. Others participating in the lectures, workshops, and film sessions will be Bernard Arnest, Allen Downs, and Jerome Liebling, of the University of Minnesota; Louis Barron, electronic sound engineer; Paul V. Falkenberg, producer and director, and Arthur Knight, critic and writer. The program is designed to meet the needs of both film maker and film user.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Young People

THE first 1954 awards to children's books were announced recently at the opening of the *Herald Tribune* Children's Spring Book Festival. "Alphonse That Bearded One," by Natalie Savage Carlson, illustrated by Nicholas (Harcourt, Brace), received the picture book award; "Winter Danger," by William O. Steele, illustrated by Paul Galdone (Harcourt, Brace) received the award for books for ages eight to twelve; and "Engineers' Dreams," by Willy Ley, with diagrams and maps by Willy Ley and illustrations by Isami Kashiwagi (Viking Press), received the award for books for older boys and girls.

Honor books in each category were: Picture books, "Away Went Wolfgang," by Virginia Kahn (Scribner's), "In Came Horace," by Janet Beattie, illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss (Lippincott), "The Piebald Princess," by Joan Balfour Payne (Farrar, Straus & Young), and "The Tin Fiddle," by Edward Tripp, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Oxford); for children eight to twelve, "The Courage of Sarah Noble," by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (Scribner's), "Half Magic," by Edward Eager, illustrated by N. M. Bodecker (Harcourt, Brace), "My Brother Bird," by Evelyn Ames, illustrated by William Pene du Bois (Dodd, Mead), and "Tales of Christophilos," by Joice M. NanKivell, illustrated by Panos Ghikas (Houghton, Mifflin); and for the older boys and girls, "The Caves of the Great Hunters," by Hans Baumann, translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh (Pantheon Books), "The Drawbridge Gate," by Cynthia Harnett (Putnam), "Egyptian Adventures," by Olivia E. Coolidge, illustrated by Joseph Low (Houghton, Mifflin), and "The House of the Fifers," by Rebecca Caudill with decorations by Genia (Longmans, Green).

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.

FLASH OF WASHINGTON SQUARE. *By Margaret Pratt. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.* $2. In simple rhyme Margaret Pratt tells the story of Flash, a cocker that wouldn't behave. He was smart enough, no question there, but he would not obey. He untied the policeman's shoe laces, chased the pigeons, put his muddy paws on the pictures artists hung on the fence in Washington Square, and ran into the Good Humor man's cart. Even at dog school, the trainer could not control him and so the Drews, his owners, decided they must give him away. On a last walk around the Square, Flash did all the things he should—he sat, he heeled, he obeyed—and because he realized that he must behave in order to stay, he became a well-mannered dog.

Roger Duvoisin's colorful pictures will delight little children and will have an especial appeal for those who live in New York.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.

WHITEY TAKES A TRIP. *By Glen Rounds. Holiday House.* $2. Here's another Whitey story for younger boys! Whitey starts off across the open range with the buggy, a pair of greys, and his own saddle horse on a two-day delivery job for his Uncle Torwal. The horses get loose at the night camp, and while looking for them Whitey finds a cattleman with a broken leg. Between them they manage to pull it straight and to strap it to a plank. Whitey then drives the man to Eagle Rock, stays the night at the Stockman's Hotel, sees the sights of the town, and is presented, by the grateful cattleman, with a fine pair of fancy boots and a cream-colored Stetson. He looks forward to his return home, anticipating the story he will tell of his trip.

Glen Rounds has provided illustrations that fit Whitey and the spirit of his adventure perfectly. —F. L. S.

HERE COME THE BEARS! *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.25. Grizzly bears, polar bears, Alaskan brown bears, and Maine black bears are portrayed vividly in this book for younger children. Each of the four sections tells of the life of a bear family, the training given her cubs by the mother bear, their natural environment, the dangers they have to contend with.

The grizzly bear cubs are born in a cave high in the Rocky Mountains and learn to find ants and grubs under rocks, to pull berries from bushes and vines, to kill small animals for food, to swim, and to protect themselves from larger animals and from hunters. Polar bear cubs, born and reared in the far north, are perfect examples of protective coloring.

The great Alaskan brown bear cubs, born in the mountains of the Alaskan Peninsula, go down to the Bering Sea during the summer to catch the salmon that return for spawning. After a season of good feasting they accompany their mother back to the den where they were born to sleep through the cold winter. The small black bear cubs are born in a hollow log that their mother has chosen for her den. They learn to play, to climb trees, to get honey, and to find berries and nuts. Like all except the polar bear cubs, they seek a warm, dry place to sleep through the winter.

The book is profusely illustrated in black-and-brown drawings by Gary MacKenzie. The pictures of the four bear families and the simple text make this an interesting as well as instructive book. —F. L. S.

THE BARRED ROAD. *By Adele de Leeuw. The Macmillan Co.* $2.75. Susan Trowbridge and her family moved to Brookhaven when she was a junior in high school. Because she had an attractive personality she soon made friends and adjusted to her new surroundings. She was rapidly assuming leadership in the life of the school when she met and made friends with Beth Varley, daughter of the town's Negro physician. Then she realized that the student body ostracized its Negro students, the town itself and even some of the faculty discriminated against them. Susan herself believed in the brotherhood of man and so she took a positive stand only to jeopardize her position at school and at home. It takes a summer job, an understanding teacher, and a dramatic life-and-death incident between Susan's preju-

—From "The First Book of Rhythms."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diced mother, Dr. Varley and Susan's young brother to bring about a solution to this problem. Susan dared to be different but she finally gained a place for herself among her friends, won the respect of the boy whom she admired, and gained stature for herself.

Adele de Leeuw has written a first-rate story for girls—dramatic and exciting but not sensational nor didactic. It has such integrity, sincerity, and authenticity that this reviewer is inclined to believe that it was created from true events. Teen-agers should find the story provocative and thoughtful and if it does cause them to ponder over America's racial irregularities and strive to eradicate them, then it will have served a good purpose. "A time shall come," Sue said, almost to herself, "when man to man shall be a friend and brother."

—Augusta Baker.

DEEP TREASURE: A Story of the Greek Sponge Fishers of Florida. *By Charles Minor Blackford. Illustrated by Alexander Key. John C. Winston Co.* $2.75. Jason, a young Greek boy from the island of Ecros, had been forced to flee from his home because of an unjust accusation of attempted murder. He worked his way on a yacht to Florida, there to join the Greek sponge fishing colony at Tarpon Springs. He found a friend from Ecros who introduced him to the sponge boss and who signed him on as a diver. He soon learned to handle a boat, to dive for sponges, to cure and grade them.

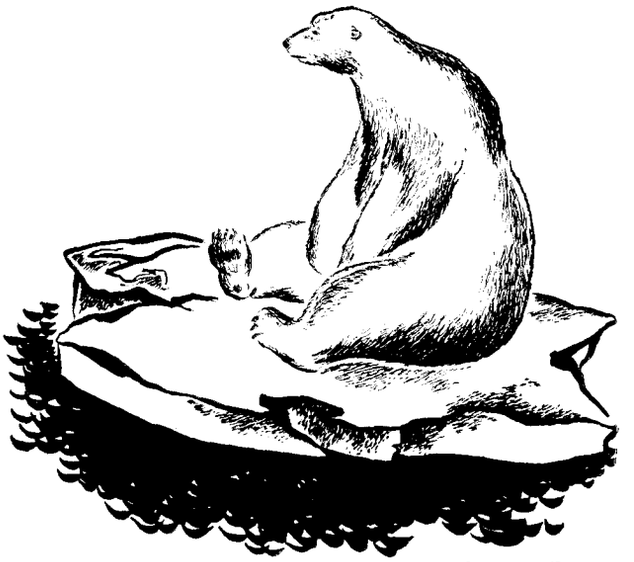
Jason was an intelligent young person who quickly realized that the sponge ship owners had a monopoly and were paying the divers and crew what they wished without regard to the market value of the sponges. He determined to break their hold on the industry.

This is the story of the sponge fishing industry off the west coast of Florida and the contributions made by the Greek colony to American life. It is also the story of the successful attempts of workers during the early years of this century to improve employment practices. It is an exciting story told against the background of the beautiful west coast of Florida, of white sandy shores and moss hung trees, of hurricanes and calm Gulf waters. It is illustrated by black-and-white headpieces and a decorated map of the lower Florida west coast. "Deep Treasure" is one of the books in the Land of the Free Series. —F. L. S.

THE FIRST BOOK OF RHYTHMS. *By Langston Hughes. Pictures by Robin King. Franklin Watts.* $1.75. A group of children had gathered in the Children's Room of a public library to hear a well-known poet talk about rhythm and poetry. The children's librarian wondered how the subject of rhythm could be presented so that it would hold the attention of a large group of middle-agers. Then Langston Hughes seated himself in front of the group and began an easy, informal explanation of rhythm and poetry that held the group spellbound. Eyes sparkled, heads nodded, bodies swayed, and feet tapped as Mr. Hughes talked about rhythm and had them dramatize his ideas.

This book has the same informal approach. The first chapter, called "Let's Make a Rhythm," is full of diagrams and ideas for action on the part of the young reader. Then Mr. Hughes tells us, "Your rhythm on the earth began first with the beat of your heart. . . . Thousands of years ago men transferred the rhythm of the heartbeat into a drumbeat, and the rhythm of music began." The reader moves through the rhythms of life, of growth, of the seasons, of night and day to the rhythms of this electronic age. "Your hand controls the rhythm of the lines you make with your pencil on a paper. And your hand is related to the rhythms of the earth as it moves around the sun, and to the stars as they move in the great sky—just as all men's lives and every living thing, are related to those vast rhythms of time and space and wonder beyond the reach of eye or mind."

A poet's way of expression has combined with an artist's sensitive interpretation to give us an attractive, exciting little book which will challenge the imagination of children. The entire family should enjoy using it as a "reading aloud" book and it might well have a place on the family bookshelf. —A. B.



—From "Here Come the Bears!"

DRIVING TODAY AND TOMORROW. *By Margaret O. Hyde. Illustrated by Clifford N. Geary. Whittlesey House—McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $2.50. This book is addressed to boys and girls who are learning to drive, but is excellent reading for every person who drives a car.

It begins with a clever description of various animals from the "Driver's Zoo"—the road hog, the turtle, the antelope, the eager beaver, the monkey, the mouse, and the lion. It then has a brief, but very clear and not too technical, explanation of the parts of an automobile and how it works, and of the care necessary to keep a car in safe running condition. Basic rules for driving, standard road signs, types of accidents and how to avoid them, characteristics of the expert driver, differences between open road and city traffic driving, professional automobile racing, and hot rod enthusiasts are discussed.

It has an index and is profusely illustrated by drawings, charts, and diagrams that add to the understanding of the text. —F. L. S.

ENGINEERS' DREAMS. *By Willy Ley. Diagrams and maps by Willy Ley. Illustrations by Isami Kashiwagi. Viking Press.* $3.50. Every great engineering project began as a dream in some man's mind and was translated into reality only after years of planning, a vast expenditure of money and effort and the correct political climate.

A tunnel under the English Channel was an engineering possibility when Napoleon was first coming to power. The work was never finished because Parliament has been unwilling for England to leave off being an island.

Many of the projects, like that of the Valley of the Jordan and Africa's central lake, wait on the unity of nations to bring them into being. Others that would wrest power from the winds and the sea are still too expensive to compete with coal and oil. Taming a volcano has already been accomplished in Tuscany. All the projects can come true.

This is a handsome book, full of many fascinating illustrations. It is written with competence and some charm. It is a book primarily for boys and young men whose interest lies in science and invention.

—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Boys' Mr. Tunis

John R. Tunis—"Sport, first of all, is exciting."

"Go, Team, Go!" by John R. Tunis *(William Morrow. 215 pp. $2.75), a new sports book for boys, provides Raymond Swing, the noted radio news analyst, with an occasion to evaluate the work of one of the most influential of contemporary American writers.*

By Raymond Swing

THE role of sport in a democracy is generally taken for granted without being too closely defined. Sport may not set the tone of fair play in a society, but at least it echoes it, and probably it helps form it. Fair play is basic in a community of law, justice, and freedom. Hence sport does much to train the young to function in such a society. That is the assumption. It is a comfortable idea, and fortunately it is more than a conceit. Probably sport does do more to shape the ideas and form the standards of young people than all the other minor activities of youth, counting home life and school as being major and more influential.

The fact that sport has a seamy side, that it is corrupted by commercialism and distorted by false values, is not a denial of the good and the constructive in it. It is a reminder that in a free society the better usually is at war with the worse, and both elements have full scope to contend with each other. That is so in sport as in all else. It may be that the state of this struggle in sport is a pretty accurate picture of the state of the nation itself in regard to the issues of better and worse.

Sport is, first of all, exciting. The exciting side of it is what endears it to the young of all ages. The underlying ethical problems of fair play are felt rather than charted. All that one can say confidently is that in the long run it does not pay to operate a sport where the play is not fair. (That is true despite the continuance of professional wrestling.) The onlookers and the participants will lose interest. Even the commercialization of college football carries in it its own corrective; if it goes too far, it sets into motion all kinds of curbing reactions. But at the heart of the situation is a national standard of what constitutes good sport and fair play. Ultimately it gets expressed. The formation of that national standard is one of the vital processes in a democracy. Good sport helps make good citizens. Good citizens enjoy good sport. By good is meant all that goes to make up fair play.

One might have expected a regiment of fiction writers about sport to be serving their times with a consciousness of the relationship between sport and society. What is surer material than utilizing the excitement of sport to extend the awareness of basic social issues? But the field has been left almost exclusively to John R. Tunis. He not only has been one of the most successful sport writers for boys, but the only outstanding writer in the field who can make fair play compete for interest with winning a game. Year after year he has poured out his books. Not all of them have highlighted a social theme, for Mr. Tunis is not overtly a missionary for democracy and refuses to preach. But his best books take up such issues as racial discrimination and individual integrity, and no boy can read them without sharpened perceptions about his own values and without realizing that Americanism is something that begins inside himself in his relations with his comrades.

Though his "Son of the Valley" is about the TVA, most of the Tunis books are about a single sport. They follow a pattern used in most sport books for boys. They are written crisply, the story has to move, there is not much contemplation and there is a great deal of action. In the end comes the crucial game or contest. Mr. Tunis is no illusionist, his hero does not always win. But he usually wins the test between the better and the worse in himself and on the field and in the community.

Mr. Tunis's most recent book, "Go Team, Go!" is a basketball story from Indiana. If there is a better story about basketball, that gives more insight into the skills and refinements of the game, I do not know it. In all his books Mr. Tunis brings to bear an amazing amount of expert knowledge of the sport he is writing about. He has made basketball almost as thrilling to the armchair reader as it is to the delirious townsmen in Indiana.

The story of the book deals with a test of strength between a coach and some of his star high-school players who go on a strike because one of their number is disciplined for promoting gambling in the school. Nearly the whole community finally takes sides against the coach to force him out so that his championship team can win state honors again. The excitement is about the ultimate victory of the coach and the part which the hero, one of the striking players, has in the triumph of right values. Mr. Tunis has written with an economy of words and a drive of action that makes the book shake with excitement. Any boy loves a book like that. But he may cherish this one, as he has its predecessors, for leaving with him something beyond excitement.

Since Mr. Tunis has authored twenty-six books that have sold in their clothbound editions well over 500,000 copies, his influence may well have been more pervasive than that of any single writer in his field. He has ardent followers who delight in the excitement he can produce, but he also has endowed them with a better sense of true sportsmanship and of the elements that make strength of character. And since these are the components of good citizenship he has served his country. He has done it without fanfare or self-consciousness. He loves sport. He loves the boys for whom he writes. He loves the democracy of his country.

Mr. Tunis is entitled to look back on his work with quiet satisfaction. He is as far from a "do-gooder" as one well can be, but one must look far to find someone who has contributed more usefully to the perpetration of good values.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latin Fiction

Continued from page 21

and toads, frogs, vipers, hinds, as in La Fontaine's "Fables" and in still older stories of metamorphoses. There is no social bitterness in them, no revolt against the unequality of condition in this world. They breathe a naive, positive, totally unmystical faith in the justice of paradise and of purgatory. Christ never appears in them, however, but only saints, inherited from a pre-Christian tradition, and of course the devil, whose pranks are always outwitted by the simple-mindedness of peasants and of children.

Irony there is, but always good-natured and never sarcastic. A few priests are satirized for their greed. Wealth is not envied, women are not mocked as unfaithful, and there is neither ribaldry nor cuckoldry in these tales. Peasant husbands are ridiculed when they are too submissive to their wives, held up to honor when they give their wives an occasional sound thrashing—especially to curb the worst faults of their sex, mild ones in comparison with those of women in modern literature: an inveterate inability to keep a secret and an equal delight taken in nagging their husbands all day long. A moral lesson is implicit in many of the tales, and often formulated, but always with restraint and charm. It is never a lesson of lofty idealism, of heroism *à la* Don Quixote, of mysticism; but a humbler message of prudence, thrift, contentment with one's fate, hard work, and kindly assistance to neighbors, friends, and even strangers in trouble—for a good deed is always repaid in the end.

The people from Auvergne, and perhaps from the rest of France, do not appear in these tales as a very imaginative race, in love with goblins and elves and ghosts or chasing some uncorporeal Beatrice in dreams of romantic love. There is no Tristan and Isolde, no Holy Grail, no Saint Martin or Saint Francis in these stories, which may well be traced back to medieval times, probably even to Celtic sources. But this unpretentious volume is lovable for its graceful simplicity, for its superb good health, for its sobriety and wisdom. The familiar and the extraordinary are very happily wedded. There is no gloom, no tragedy, no morbidity whatever in the imaginations which devised these stories. They are marked by a blending of critical sense and of unsentimental tenderness, of dignity and of simplicity, which the modern successors to such tales, films and comic strips, might well try to emulate. What a loss France sustained when she deliberately turned her back upon her folk tales, her popular poetry, her ancient music, and even upon the earnest and naive image-carvers of her Middle Ages!

Notes

TORMENTED SOULS: Italy has recently bred a group of writers, that includes Alberto Moravia, whose fiction is concerned with what might be called "psychological naturalism." Their fever-charts of human behavior often achieve the same kind of revealing, squalid exposé that Zola and his followers achieved in the realm of social reality. **"A Day of Impatience,"** by Raffaele La Capria and translated by William Fense Weaver (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3), chiefly involves two young men whose friendship is endangered by their mutual fascination for a smouldering nymphomaniac.

This is not a book lightly and casually undertaken, though its subject-matter is sensationalist. But within the structure of psychological revelation the termites of impersonalization are at work, and one's feeling is that of being treated to the cold, special accuracy of a clinical report (the protagonist is never named and might well be labeled "Case 147"), rather than the dynamic, effulgent, often self-contradictory truths of human experience which the novel can give us better than any other literary form.

—JEROME STONE.

MARVELOUS MOTHERHOOD: "Child with a Flower" (Macmillan, $3.50) is Elda Bossi's first book to appear in English (C. J. Richards did the translation), but in her native Italy she has published verse, classical poetry and prose in translation, books for children, and a collection of short stories that won the first Venice Award in 1951. The present volume is, after a fashion, a long, intimate, informal essay: a chronicle of the author's thoughts, emotions, and observations, both actual and philosophical, before, during, and after the birth of her first child and up to its fourth year.

For all the universality of its larger aspect, however, such a book as Mrs. Bossi's has a specialized appeal. There are those, and among them this reviewer, who may find 205 pages of concentrated enchantment with every detail of motherhood, with every gesture, action, response of the child from the first cry to the first smile to the first step and so on, just a bit wearying.

But perhaps I am carping at a book which will undeniably strike an answering chord in the breasts of many mothers. —SARA HENDERSON HAY.

A new, rambunctious novel of the Kentucky frontier — by the author of THE GABRIEL HORN

A SWIFTLY moving, pleasant pastoral where true love and justice defeat slander, cowardice, avarice, and mob violence . . . Can be highly recommended to those who enjoy reading matter packed with action and romance."—HARRIETTE ARNOW, (author of THE DOLLMAKER) *Saturday Review*.

Dan'l Boone Kissed Me

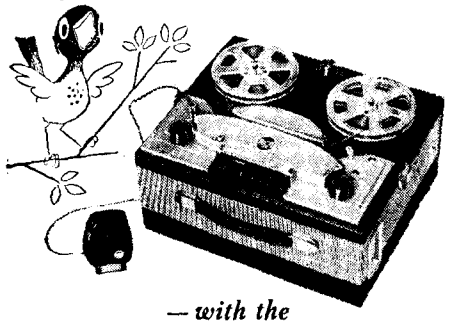
By FELIX HOLT

$3.00 at all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON, N. Y. 10

Make it a Summer

YOU'LL REMEMBER



— with the

RCA TAPE RECORDER

Good times . . . new friends . . . renewed acquaintances can all stay with you through the years—when you've captured them with the RCA Tape Recorder. Begin building your memory album now. Up to two hours on a single tape. 3¾- and 7½-inch speeds. TRY IT at your RCA DEALER'S.

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

IF YOU ARE AN AUTHOR

of fiction, non-fiction or poetry, and have received rejection slips because you are an unknown, we can help you! We have 30 years' experience in publishing successful books and will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book. The cost is low; your royalties are high! For full details, write for free booklet.

COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison Ave. Manual

"The Relaxed Sell," by Thomas Whiteside *(Oxford University Press. 166 pp. $3.50), is a collection of essays on the arts of promotion as currently practised by American business. Professor Bergen Evans of Northwestern University, who reviews it here, is known to television audiences as the moderator on the "Down You Go" program.*

By Bergen Evans

THE title of Thomas Whiteside's book, "The Relaxed Sell," a collection of seven of his previously published essays on the artful arts of promotion, is borrowed from a remark of Ray Morgan, the announcer who, having "five pages of hard sell to do solo" on a cigarette commercial, persuaded "the production boys" to give him a second in which to blow the smoke out of his lungs before he began to talk. "It worked beautifully," "It was a relaxed sell."

To the outsider it will seem a fairly obvious thing to have done, but only an outsider can appreciate the difficulty of persuading the production boys to do the obvious thing if it costs a precious second. At least not if it concerns the commercial. The show may be empty and time-wasting, but every millisecond of the commercial has been weighed, timed, tested, searched, and agonized over by the announcer, the director, the producer, the packager, the agency, the sponsor, and battalions of researchers, psychologists, analyzers, and pollsters.

These predators' life is not an easy one, for at the center of their mystery lie inscrutable paradoxes and insoluble contradictions. The commercial—the sole reason, from their point of view, for the show's existence—is the very thing the viewer doesn't want to see or hear, and subtle are the means by which he is seduced, bullied, and tricked into enduring it. The merry jingle, for instance, that seeks to sell is timed, by its greatest composers, just one second less than it takes to turn off the set. They literally beat the viewer to the switch.

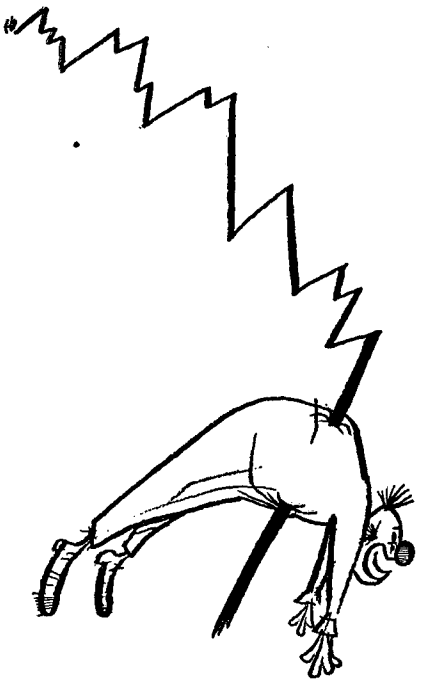
Soap opera has its special problems. Propagating sanitary habits and moral values, intertwining misery and the Golden Rule, it must seek to make housewives use soap and at the same time beguile them into forgetting that they are bent over sink and washtub using it.

Take the problems of Elsie, the Borden cow, to which Mr. Whiteside devotes a wonderful chapter. Her lactifluity must be emphasized—that's what she's there for; but the human character imposed upon her in order to attract attention (and few advertising devices have been more successful) makes this emphasis a delicate business. It is solved, or at least compromised, by a special directive to the artists who draw her that "whenever standing or in any other 'human' position her udder must be concealed by a leg or some device such as an apron." There is a desire to make her attractive in human terms (in searching for a cow to personify Elsie "a cute-dish puss" was a desideratum), but not *too* attractive, for she *is* a cow and there *are* limits where milk and modesty can't meet. She must be appealing, the directive reads, but not sensual, mature and graceful "with a short and tapering snout," gay but not slangy or vulgar, even a little prim—in short, alluring but not exciting.

Or consider Superman. As one whose patriotism must be beyond the whisper of a doubt, it was surely incumbent on him to enlist during the war, especially since he could immediately terminate the whole conflict in our favor. But that, of course, couldn't be; reality intrudes—or at least oozes—into the awareness of even readers of the comic books. The problem was met by having him classified as 4F because he failed his physical exam. That would seem an incredible event to befall Superman, but it was explained as being due to his X-ray vision which had pierced the wall and read the eye test chart in the next room. By making him omnipotent, his creators found themselves lost in the maze that has entrapped theologians for millennia. He was finally—in order to have any dramatic possibilities at all—given a weakness: he was made allergic to Kryptonite, a substance controlled by Dr. Teufel! But how many juvenile Manichees has this spawned?

"The Relaxed Sell" is a delightful book and its delights are crowned by twenty-two drawings by Robert Osborn. One in particular—that of a dead clown impaled limply on the descending curve of a rating graph—sums up the whole work.

". . . five pages of hard sell solo."



"...the descending curve of a rating graph."

—*From "The Relaxed Sell."*

". . . predators' life is not an easy one."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Depressions?

"The Economics of Recession and Revival," by Kenneth D. Roose *(Yale University Press, 280 pp. $4), a descriptive analysis of the recession and revival of 1937-1938, illuminates the whole nature of business cycles. Below it is reviewed by Professor Charles Hoffmann of Queens College, New York City, author of a study of the depression of the Nineties.*

By Charles Hoffmann

SERIOUS depressions have been known in the United States as far back as the early 1800's, though systematic analysis reaches back less than a century into the past. Such analysis shows severe depressions and recessions starting in 1873, in 1893, in 1907, 1921, 1929, and 1937. In the nineteenth century most economists who tackled the problem of business cycles —Jevons, Juglar, Marx, and the like— were pursuing a course outside the main stream of economic research and analysis. In our own century, however, keen interest in business cycles has become widespread. The main efforts of many statisticians and economists in university, government, and private research bureaus have been devoted to detailed descriptive analyses of output and employment changes. The pioneer work of Wesley Clair Mitchell, started early this century, raised business cycles to a level of major importance for many of the prominent economists of the Western world. The jarring impact of Keynesian economics owes some of its force to this growing realization that economics in the classical and neoclassical tradition did not adequately meet the problem of business fluctuations.

Professor Kenneth D. Roose in "The Economics of Recession and Revival" carries on in this newer tradition. His method—analyzing as major variables the components of national income: private investment, consumption, and government expenditures—aptly demonstrates to the layman how far economic science has advanced in understanding business fluctuations. His very able treatment of the recession and revival of 1937-1938 indicates the extent to which the economist can reconstruct the casual chain of economic contraction and expansion.

The author shows that starting with January 1937, net government expenditures fell off continuously and the burden of maintaining total output had to be assumed by business. At this time, Federal Reserve action to reduce excess bank reserves set off a sequence of events which weakened securities markets and increased costs of capital, while the undistributed profits tax reduced business cash positions to the point where business investment was made more difficult. By May 1937 major components of national income had begun to decline. For Professor Roose the most significant factor in this decline was "the reduced profitability of investment, beginning in the first quarter of 1937" and arising from increased costs. The author attributes this rise in costs mainly to increases in labor costs; but here his usually careful analysis and logic are faulty. The evidence is that wage costs rose early in 1937 but not more, relatively, than wholesale prices. Not until later in 1937, after the downturn, did wages rise significantly more than other costs, undoubtedly playing a major role in the precipitate decline which started in September 1937. The cost factor was probably crucial in the recession, but which costs played the major role is not clear.

The revival, starting in the summer of 1938, began in a sharply different economic climate. Modified tax policy occurred at a time when inventories and production were in equilibrium with consumption. The major stimulus to recovery, in these circumstances, was a stepped-up government spending program which, in line with Keynesian policy, increased national income.

Today, with close to four million unemployed and industrial production down about ten per cent from the highs of 1953, Professor Roose's excellent analysis is particularly useful for our policymakers. He cautions that oversimplified underconsumption or overinvestment explanations, used to some extent in 1937-1938, are inadequate guides to achieve economic stability; the complexity of economic relationships demands the use of new, sensitive economic series as well as a more comprehensive application of the old ones. Many of the oversimplified assumptions about business and consumer behavior need drastic overhauling because the favorable effects of government programs depend upon them and they are faulty.

The responsibility of the federal government in maintaining high levels of employment is clear: fiscal and monetary policies necessarily impinge upon business and consumer decision-making; they must, therefore, reflect a correct understanding of the state of economic activity. The errors of restrictive Federal Reserve action, such as occurred early in 1937, must be avoided. Changes in government spending and taxes, as happened in 1936-1937 and as are happening today, must be consistent with the requirements of high levels of consumer and business spending. The particular conditions of a given period require positive tax, credit, and spending policies which are shaped flexibly in line with those conditions rather than by any preconceived remedies.

Keep 'er Steady!

FLATTENING BUSINESS FLUCTUATIONS: How to prevent a depression is the vital question to which the National Bureau Committee for Economic Research addresses itself in an extensive symposium entitled **"Regularization of Business Investment"** (Princeton University Press, $8). Since investment expenditures affect business cycles, and business cycles are related to productive employment, the importance of such a discussion is obvious. One of the keys to the economic well-being of our nation is a high level of productive employment. When that level dips dangerously, the burden of restorative action must be carried to a great extent by business if it wishes to avoid governmental assumption of free enterprise functions. Industry must provide investments and continued capital outlay for maintenance and replacements to strengthen the economy and a return to stronger markets. —S. M.

Two top suspense stories by
MARGERY ALLINGHAM
Each of the lovely young girls had loved and lost . . . now each was helplessly trapped by—murder!
NO LOVE LOST
CRIME CLUB SELECTION $2.75

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Do you have a book-length manuscript you'd like published? Learn about our unusual plan whereby your book can be published, promoted and distributed on a professional basis. We consider all types of work—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, religious and scholarly books, etc. For more information, write for booklet FF. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

GOOD USED BOOKS

50c-$1 Thousands of librarians and bargain-wise book-buyers get their books from us at regularly fantastic savings. You can too! Lists are free; just drop us a card.
EDITIONS, Desk SR, Hempstead, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Critics Take to Their Hammocks

Continued from page 15

Thomas H. Hines, nearly succeeded in pulling off during the Civil War. (John Sherman.)

THE EXECUTION OF PRIVATE SLOVIK. *By William Bradford Huie. Clothbound: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $3.50. *Paperbound: New American Library.* 25¢.
A report on the case of the Detroit youth who holds the distinction of being the only American soldier to have been shot for desertion in the face of the enemy since the Civil War. (Little.)

FARMWIFE. *By Marion Roberts. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
A Welsh-English "The Egg and I" about a lady brought up in Liverpool who escaped to Northern Wales where she took over a fifty-acre farm and eighteenth-century farmhouse, and of the shehooligans she gets involved in in the process of becoming bucolicized. (Hass.)

THE FLEAS COME WITH THE DOG. *By Ralph McGill. Abingdon Press.* $2.
A big bag of cotton, by the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, based on his daily column and concerned with such diversities as the degeneracy of the "Bar-B-Q," Winston Churchill, Georgia, football coaches, and an Italian restaurateur. (Shockley.)

FOUR CONTINENTS. *By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Harper & Bros.* $4.
A velvety, Rubenesque collection of travel sketches, reminiscences, and memorials based on Sir Osbert's meanderings in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Publication later this summer. (John Sherman.)

4000 YEARS UNDER THE SEA. *By Phillipe Diole. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Julian Messner.* $4.50.
An enlargement of the author's earlier "The Undersea Adventure," in which he tells of the various ancient wrecks he has explored on the bottom of the Mediterranean and off the coast of Africa. (Smith.)

FREEDOM, LOYALTY, DISSENT. *By Henry Steele Commager. Oxford University Press.* $2.50.
A collection of essays, by the fluviant professor of history at Columbia, on the present state of the freedoms in this country. (Rothermel.)

THE FREMANTLE DIARY. *Edited by Walter Lord. Little, Brown & Co.* $4.
A diary which an English colonel kept while traveling through the South during the Civil War. (Wyllie.)

FROM THE DANUBE TO THE YALU. *By Mark Clark. Harper & Bros.* $5.
A sequel to General Clark's "Calculated Risk," in which he lays all available cards on the table about his year as commanding general in the final phase of the Korean war. (John Sherman.)

GENERAL JO SHELBY: Undefeated Rebel. *By Daniel O'Flaherty. University of North Carolina Press.* $6.
A biography of the little-known Confederate general and cavalry leader, who urged his whippets through Missouri and Kansas during the war, had Frank and Jesse James under his command, never surrendered, and ended the war trying to fight with Juarez in Mexico. (Tinkle.)

GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE. *By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown & Co.* $5.
A suave, glass-tempered look at the mores of present-day America, by the well-known French-born critic, biographer, and teacher. (Barkham.)

THE HEART OF AFRICA. *By Alexander Campbell. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A transplanted Scotch reporter's notes on the sixteen years since 1937 he has spent roving through South Africa as a newspaper man and a *Time-Life* correspondent. (Hormel.)

I PROTEST. *By G. Bromley Oxnam. Harper & Bros.* $2.50.
A stentorian account of the ten hours Bishop Oxnam spent before the House Un-American Activities Committee on July 21, 1953. (Shockley.)

LADIES OF COURAGE. *By Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickok. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.75.
A collection of brief biographies, by the still-First Lady of the World and a prominent newspaperwoman, of some of the women in this country who have earned places for themselves in politics, both at the local and national levels. Included are Ivy Baker Priest, Alice K. Leopold, Maurine Neuberger, Mary Norton, Margaret Chase Smith, and Anna Rosenberg. (Rothermel.)

THE LITERARY ESSAYS OF EZRA POUND. *Edited by T. S. Eliot. New Directions.* $6.
Thirty-three literary essays written over the past thirty years by Ezra Pound, and here brought together by his long-time admirer and friend. (Barkham.)

MAMIE DOUD EISENHOWER: A Portrait of a First Lady. *By Dorothy Brandon. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.75.
A breathless biography of Ike's wife. (Hormel.)

ME AND MY RUSSIAN WIFE. *By Eddy Gilmore. Doubleday & Co.* $3.75.
An account of the eleven years the author spent in Russia as an American newspaperman, gadabout, and jazz drummer. (Kogan.)

THE MIND AND FAITH OF JUSTICE HOLMES. *Edited by Max Lerner. Modern Library.* $2.45.
A selection from the essays, letters, speeches, and judicial opinions of the Great Dissenter. (Wyllie.)

NEW CENTURY CYCLOPEDIA OF NAMES. *Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 3 vols., 4,342 pp.* $39.50.
A revision of the old "Cyclopedia of Names" of the "Century Dictionary," which was first published in 1894. The kitchen sink, and a hundred thousand other names are included in the revision. (Dolbier.)

THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA. *By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
A revision of a standard work on what is often called "the continent of the future," a study being published in this country for the first time. (Barkham.)

THE MIND ALIVE. *By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.75.
The first collaboration, in writing anyway, by the author of "The Mature Mind" (Harry) and the author of "Understanding Fear" (Bonaro), who are, of course, man and wife, and who have here put together a testament about the healthy mind in a cracked world. (North.)

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. *By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $4.50.
The first volume of a mellow critic's autobiography. In it, Mr. Brooks tells us of his well-cushioned childhood in New Jersey, of the days at Harvard, where he met Maxwell Perkins, and of the frequent transatlantic trips in the company of that gentleman, and of people like John Hall Wheelock, Ned Sheldon, etc. (North.)

SCIENCE AND THE COMMON UNDERSTANDING. *By J. Robert Oppenheimer. Simon & Schuster.* $2.75.
An expanded version of the Reith Lectures, given in November and December of 1953 over the B.B.C., on science and its place in the world. (Kogan.)

SLIDE RULE: An Autobiography. *By Nevil Shute. William Morrow & Co.* $3.50.
A memoir about the well-known English novelist's early years as a pioneer aeronautical engineer. (Hormel.)

SOPHOCLES: Three Tragedies. *Edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. University of Chicago Press.* $3.
Three fresh translations by David Grene, Robert Fitzgerald, and Elizabeth Wyckoff of, respectively, "Oedipus the King," "Oedipus at Colonus," and "Antigone." (Wyllie.)

STORIES ON STONE. *By Charles L. Wallis. Oxford University Press.* $5.
An affectionate collection of over 750 epitaphs taken from tombstones in all forty-eight states. (North.)

THE TEST OF FREEDOM. *By Norman Thomas. W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.
An attempt by the leader of the Socialist Party in America to find a democratic way between the extremes of McCarthyism and Communism. (Snajdr.)

THE THEATRE IN OUR TIMES. *By John Gassner. Crown Publishers.* $5.
A collection of observational essays on the theatre—types of plays, dramatists such as Ibsen, Strindberg, Anderson, Yeats, Synge, Miller, etc., criticism, history. (Dolbier.)

THROUGH MALAN'S AFRICA. *By Robert St. John. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A close look, by an experienced reporter, at the thicketed race situation in today's Southern Africa. (Kogan.)

TNT: THE POWER WITHIN YOU. *By Claude M Bristol. Prentice-Hall.* $3.95.
How to win friends, influence people, get that car, get a raise, be happy, healthy, and wise, and perhaps, if you like, be President. (Bradley.)

THE YAZOO. *By Frank E. Smith. Rinehart & Co.* $4.
The forty-eighth title in the "Rivers of America" series. This one concerns the grand flood that wanders through Tennessee and Mississippi, and is the largest tributary of the Old Man next to the Ohio. Mr. Smith has populated its banks with tales of cotton, slaves, abolitionists, old-time senators, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. (Morrissey.)

V-2. *By Walter Dornberger. Viking Press.* $5.
An account of the development of the V-2 rocket, by an engineer who had many hands in its making, from the first test in 1934 until 1943 when Hitler finally recognized its potentialities and London nights became filled with the roaring of bees. (O'Neill.)

Fiction

TEN VOTES

THE DOLLMAKER. *By Harriette Arnow. The Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
A new novel, by the author of "Hunter's Horn" (1949), about Gertie, a bighammed Kentucky girl who goes with her husband, Clovis, to Detroit during the war, where they live in a cramped, cornery housing project, and where they learn that country poor and city poor are kin. (Babcock, Bond, Bradley, Cady, Cross, Hormel, O'Neill, Rothermel, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

NINE VOTES

SWEET THURSDAY. *By John Steinbeck. Viking Press.* $3.50.
Here Mr. Steinbeck returns to the setting and characters of "Cannery Row," telling of Doc, who interrupts his scientific study of octopi to woo and win Suzy, a local prostitute who doesn't enjoy her work. (Cross, Dolbier, Flowers, Herzberg, O'Neill, Rothermel, Shockley, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

SIX VOTES

THE FALL OF A TITAN. *By Igor Gouzenko. Translated by Mervyn Black. W. W. Norton & Co.* $4.50.
The fall of a Russian heavyweight writer, one Mikhail Gorin, and of one Novikov, a Russian scholar, who is in love with Gorin's daughter. The author is the secluded gentleman who had much to do with breaking up a Soviet spy ring in Canada a few years back. To be published July 19. (Babcock, Herzberg, Little, O'Neill, Rothermel, Shockley.)

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE. *By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by Denver Lindley. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.95.
The story of young Private Graeber, German soldier in World War II, a book that invites comparison with its author's best earlier work. (Bond, Hass, McManis, Morrissey, T. B. Sherman, Tinkle.)

FIVE VOTES

THE WORLD IN THE EVENING. *By Christopher Isherwood. Random House.* $3.50.
An examination of the private lives of three persons in the literary world, disclosed through a series of Chinese boxes. (Bradley, Hass, John Sherman, Rothermel, Yeiser.)

FOUR VOTES

THE BLACK SWAN. *By Thomas Mann. Translated by Willard R. Trask. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.75.
The tribulations of a middleaging lady who becomes enraptured by a man only a few years older than her schoolboy son. (Cross, Flowers, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

THE COURTS OF MEMORY. *By Frank Rooney. Vanguard Press.* $3.95.
A first novel, by the author of that terrifying short story "The Raid," about a complicated and inbred relationship between a brother and sister. (Barkham, Little, Sherman.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARY ANNE. *By Daphne DuMaurier. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
Miss DuMaurier here wanders away from the gates of Manderley again and into the past to tell the story of a fireproof maiden who was the Duke of York's mistress during the reign of George III, a wild woman when debedded and, finally, an exile in France. (Cross, Flowers, O'Neill.)

THE POWER AND THE PRIZE. *By Howard Swiggett. Ballantine Books.* $3.50.
A novel about high-echelon business, with special emphasis on an American named Cleves Barwick, who undertakes a big deal and an unorthodox romance in London. (Little, O'Neill, Rothermel.)

ROMAN WALL. *By Bryher. Pantheon Books* $2.75.
A new historical novel, by a writer who spirits her accuracy with a poetical grasp of language, about the attacks the Alemanni made on the Roman frontier in Helvetia (Switzerland) in the third century A.D. (Cady, Dolbier, McManis.)

TWO VOTES

BEYOND THE HUNGRY COUNTRY. *By Louise A. Stinetorf. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
The author of "White Witch Doctor" (1950), which created a madhouse in rental circles and was made into a movie, here tells the tale of a mission child raised by Maa Koo who comes to America to study nursing and then returns to her homeland where she gets involved in all sorts of problems. (Bond, Snajdr.)

THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. *By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.
Mr. Eliot's new verse play, recently on Broadway, concerns, among other matters, mistaken identity, illegitimacy, the upper crust going sour, and enough polished verbiage to fill your cup to the brim. (Tinkle, Wyllie.)

DIANE. *By Herbert Best. William Morrow & Co.* $3.95.
Three lumps of sugar and lots of cream about the fandango days of Jamaica, when that island's neck was being being breathed down by Napoleon, and of how a plantation owner, his noncorrigible wife, and sweet daughter resolve the palatable frictions set up by the author. (Babcock, Snajdr.)

THE FAULKNER READER. *By William Faulkner. Random House.* $5.
A generous bucket of the special clay Mr. Faulkner bakes in Oxford. Included are "The Sound and the Fury" (complete), three novellas, and many short stories, a few of which are "A Rose for Emily," "Barn Burning," and "Turnabout." (T. B. Sherman, Shockley.)

MR. HOBBS' VACATION. *By Edward Streeter. Harper & Bros.* $3.
Mr. Streeter, a man with a lot of funnybones in his body, here tells the story of a projected summer vacation by the sea in an old, and unfortunately roomy house, and of how the vacation materialized as a nightmare compounded of grandchildren, daughters, peculiar sons-in-law, etc. (O'Neill, Smith.)

N.Y., N.Y. *By Will Oursler. Coward-McCann.* $3.50.
A heavily loaded merryground set in New York, involving a murdered dock worker, a publisher, a newspaperman, an art student, a couple of richies, a mistress, a jeweller, and much more. (Herzberg, Little.)

NEVER VICTORIOUS, NEVER DEFEATED. *By Taylor Caldwell. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.95.
Another of Mrs. Caldwell's genealogies of robber barons, leaden draperies, and empire building. Here, the time span is some seventy-five years in the last century, and the kingdom building, railroads. (Bradley, Little.)

NOT AS A STRANGER. *By Morton Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $4.75.
Needlework of the closest sort about the making of a man devoted to the practice of medicine in a small town. (Bradley, T. B. Sherman.)

STRANGER COME HOME. *By William L. Shirer. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.95.
A novel in the form of a diary, recording the return to America of a noted foreign correspondent and his bout with a form of hysteria known as "O'Brienism." (Bond, Hass.)

ONE VOTE

AND HAVE NOT LOVE. *By Anne Parrish. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A novel, done in mild acids, about a last-century lady who wallows in self-deception while she goes ahead full tilt to steal other girls' men, dominate her daughters, and even cast shadows over her granddaughter. (Little.)

AWAY ALL BOATS. *By Kenneth Dodson. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.95.
Another one for Mr. Heggen's and Mr. Wouk's shelf, about an attack transport, the *Belinda*, its crew, capers, and ennui. The setting is the Pacific Ocean, the time the last war. (McManis.)

BHOWANI JUNCTION. *By John Masters. Viking Press.* $3.75.
The fourth novel in Mr. Master's human comedy of India. This one is set around the time of that country's independence, and concerns the attempts at adjustment within a boiling country, of the daughter of a railroad engineer, who is two parts English, one part Indian. (Barkham.)

THE BIRD'S NEST. *By Shirley Jackson. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.
A new gloomy Sunday by Miss Jackson about a mentally maladjusted girl of twenty-three, who, when the moon is deep in the woods, splits into four personalities and of how she is eventually cured. (Kogan.)

BRIEF CANDLES. *By Manning Coles. Doubleday & Co.* $3.
A very jollysome story about a couple of shades who left their corporealities behind in France in 1870, and who are, or were, cousins, and how they accompany two of their descendants around for a while and indulge in catching some bank robbers, show a flair for magic, save a helpful forgerer, haunt a reputedly haunted inn, and then return unmournfully to their graves. (Little.)

THE CONQUEST OF DON PEDRO. *By Harvey Fergusson. William Morrow.* $3.50.
The story of a Jew from New York's lower East Side who went West to open a store near Sante Fe in the days when the Lone Ranger and Tonto where whooping it up. (Tinkle.)

THE COROLI AFFAIR. *By Mary Deasy. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.75.
A long-legged account of a colleen just in from Ireland who gets a job as a schoolmarm in a small town near the Mississippi circa 1880. A steamboat operator, married, falls in love with her, his wife is murdered, he is nearly lynched, they race off to get married—and he dies. (Snajdr.)

DAN'L BOONE KISSED ME. *By Felix Holt. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
An account of a few exciting weeks in the life of a small boy raised on a tobacco-growing farm in Kentucky. (McManis.)

THE DARKNESS. *By Evan John. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.50.
A re-creation, through a supposed exchange of letters between Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, Herod and his wife, a Roman officer and friend, the secret agents, of the immediate aftermath of the Crucifixion and of those involved in it. (Dolbier.)

THE DEATH OF KINGS. *By Charles Wertenbaker. Random House.* $3.95.
A big, serious novel, written with oompah, about the handful of men who run a national newsmagazine called *Beacon*, and which carries their lives, private and public, through the years from the late Thirties to the early Fifties. (McManis.)

THE DESPERATE HOURS. *By Joseph Hayes. Random House.* $3.50.
A first novel, tailor-made for a TV or movie meller, about a respectable Indianapolis family which suddenly finds itself host to three escaped cons, and of the desperate hours of silence that pass before the police discover what's up, and the hoodlums are recanned. (McManis.)

HANG UP THE FIDDLE. *By Frederic Babcock. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
About a young Nebraska newspaperman and a decision he has to make anent a childhood friend who is an outlaw's son. To be published Sept. 9. (Hass.)

THE HEART IN THE DESERT. *By Gilbert Phelps. John Day Co.* $3.75.
A first novel, in the form of a biography, about a leading novelist who has died. The "author" of the biography is a critic, who had known the novelist ever since their childhood. (Yeiser.)

THE IRON MAIDEN. *By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.95.
Some boiler plate about what happens when a female reporter joins the staff of a big New York paper, marries the founder's grandson, and takes over. To be published Aug. 19. (Flowers.)

LOVE IS ETERNAL. *By Irving Stone. Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A novel about Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Stone's third opus about an American President's wife. To be published Aug. 20. (Babcock.)

JAGUAR AND THE GOLDEN STAG. *By Dexter Allen. Coward-McCann.* $3.50.
A novel, thickly grown, about the early years in the reign of one Nezahual, a young Anahuac, who is beset after his father's death with a grumbling priesthood, grabby merchants, plumed nobles, and a ripe tomato named Mecatl, and of how he comes through all a sturdy young ruler. The time is before the Spanish conquests in America. To be published on June 30. (Smith.)

JOHANNESBURG FRIDAY. *By Albert Segal. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.50.
The newest entry in the South African novel-writing contest. This one involves a day or so in the life of a Jewish family of Johannesburg. The author operates a pharmacy in the same city. (Hass.)

A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS. *By Wolf Mankowitz. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
A feather duster about a six-year-old East End London boy, who buys a crippled goat, believing it to be a unicorn, and of some of the merrysongs and rainbows that follow. (McManis.)

THE MAGICIANS. *By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Bros.* $3.
An English businessman who, upon retiring, takes a long look at the world about him and makes some curious discoveries. (Babcock.)

THE NATURE OF LOVE. *By H. E. Bates. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
A gathering of three long short stories by a talented British writer dealing with the affairs of some not altogether nice women. (Morrissey.)

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER. *By Davis Grubb. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A tale about a nine-year-old Kentucky boy whose father is hanged for stealing $10,000. The boy knows the whereabouts of the loot, is hounded about it by a spookman, and escapes across the Ohio River with his sister, but not before his mother, too, is done in. (North.)

OUT OF THE RED BRUSH. *By Kermit Daugherty. World Publishing Co.* $3.50.
A first novel about the growing-up in the old days of one Bill Brennan in the briarsweet Southern Ohio hill country (Cady.)

PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION. *By Randall Jarrell. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A first novel by a wise, witty, unmarked critic about life, as it is called, at an American progressive college for women. (Bradley.)

THE QUALITY OF MERCY. *By Robert Carson. Henry Holt.* $3.50.
A consideration of the guilt of the hunter as well as the hunted when society undertakes to bring to justice the perpetrator of a diabolically clever crime. (Cady.)

THE RELIC. *By Eça de Queiroz. Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. The Noonday Press.* $3.50.
The life and times of a two-head fellow who, because his aunt was holy spent his days in prayer, and because he himself liked the curve of a glass or a lady, spent his nights having fun. The author is the great Portuguese novelist who wrote "Cousin Bazilio," and who died in 1900. (Yeiser.)

THE ROYAL BOX. *Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner.* $3.50.
If all the copies of Mrs. Keyes's books that have been sold were stacked, they would reach the moon. In this one, which may carry the pile out of sight, she tells of hubbery-gubbery goings on in the diplomatic circles of London, involving some thin-seeded nobles, a mysterious ambassador from the Middle East, and a murder. (Flowers.)

A SEED UPON THE WIND. *By William Michelfelder. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
The various loves, both profane and holy, of, among others, a doctor, a Catholic sister, and a Catholic priest. (Snajdr.)

SENIOR SPRING. *By C. G. Lumbard. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
What Steve Burnett learned about love and life during his last year at the University. (Cady.)

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE. *By Peter DeVries. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
A light comedy about those Babbitts of Bohemia, the Pooles, and their attempts to create a family by fair means or foul. (T. B. Sherman.)

UNTO A GOOD LAND. *By Vilhelm Moberg. Translated by Gustaf Lannestock. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
The second volume of a projected trilogy, this tells of the long, slow motion trip made by a group of Swedish emigrants from their homes to the wind-howled, snow-deep country of Minnesota one hundred years ago. To be published July 27. (Cross.)

THE WIDOWS OF THORNTON. *By Peter Taylor. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.75.
A collection of nine short stories by a writer who sees the Deep South in a sunnier light than do Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote. (Morrissey.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Korzybski

Continued from page 12

High school student: "A Communist is a person who wants war."
Office worker: "Anyone that stands for things that democracy does not."

Not only was there no agreement, but 123 out of the 197 frankly admitted *they did not know what a Communist is.* All this came at a time when Congressional investigations were flooding the newspapers with the "Communist Menace" inside America. The danger of drowning we know about; but where shall the wayfaring citizen point to the specific danger of Communism within our borders, in the light of this exhibit?

Here is a typical abstraction ladder, beginning at the top and working downward:

Mountains. What can be said about mountains which applies in all cases? Almost nothing. They are areas raised above other areas on land, under the sea, on the moon. The term is purely relative at this stage; something higher than something.

Snow-capped mountains. Here on a lower rung we can say a little more. The elevations must be considerable, except in polar regions—at least 15,000 feet in the tropics. The snow forms glaciers which wind down their sides. They are cloud factories, producing severe storms, and they require special techniques for climbing.

The Swiss Alps. These are snow-capped mountains about which one can say a good deal. The location can be described, also geology, glacier systems, average elevation, climatic conditions, first ascents, and so on.

The Matterhorn. Here we can be even more specific. It is a snow-capped mountain 14,780 feet above the sea, shaped like a sharp wedge, constantly subject to avalanches of rock and ice. It has four faces, four ridges, three glaciers; was first climbed by the Whymper party in 1865, when four out of seven were killed—and so on. We have dropped down the ladder to a specific space-time event.

To the question whether it is "safe" to climb the Matterhorn, Leslie Stephen, one of the great Alpinists, gave two answers of large semantic importance in 1871, long before the word appeared in the dictionary:

Statement 1. "There is no mountain in the Alps which cannot be climbed by a party of practised mountaineers with guides, in fine weather and under favorable conditions of the snow, with perfect safety."

Statement 2. "There is no mountain in the Alps which may not become excessively dangerous if the climbers are inexperienced, the guides incompetent, the weather bad and the snow unfavorable. . . . There are circumstances under which the Rigi is far more dangerous than the Matterhorn under others. Any mountain may pass from the top to the bottom of the scale of danger . . . in a day or sometimes in an hour."

Stephen gives us an unforgettable example of the perils of generalization. The "Matterhorn" in the morning is not the "Matterhorn" in the afternoon. A is not A. Matterhorn$_1$ is an easy jaunt for a woman climber; Matterhorn$_2$ is certain death for the best climber who ever lived.

KORZYBSKI often used the simile of the map. A map of the territory, he says, useful as it may be to travelers, is not the territory. Similarly, language is not the world around us, but rather an indispensable guide to that world. The map, however, is worthless if it shows the traveler a structure different from the terrain he sets out upon. Structure in this context means order and relations, what comes after what. If the order of cities on our map does not agree with the order on the territory, we may find ourselves driving to Montreal when we hoped to go to Chicago.

However detailed the map may be, it can never tell *all* about the territory. Similarly, language cannot tell "all" about an event; some characteristics will always be omitted. At the end of every verbal definition, if it is pushed far enough, there are undefined terms; we reach the silent level where we can point, but we cannot say. If there is nothing to point to, the communication line may break. This is one reason why physicists were driven to devise operational definitions in contrast with verbal ones. They performed operations with their hands in order to clarify what they meant.

Korzybski places an apple on the table and asks us to describe it. We can say it is round, red, appetizing, with a short stem and one worm hole. But carefully as we may observe it, in the laboratory or out, we can never tell *all* the characteristics of the apple, especially as we approach the submicroscopic level. What all the billions of atoms are up to nobody knows except in the most general, statistical way.

Korzybski sets another apple beside the first, of similar shape and color. Is it identical? We are inclined to think so, but looking more closely we see that the stem is shorter, the red color is less vivid, and there are two worm holes instead of one. Apple$_2$ is not apple$_1$. By the same token, amoeba$_2$ is not amoeba$_1$; Adam$_2$ is not Adam$_1$. Nothing in nature is ever identical with anything else if the observations are carried far enough. Beware of false identifications, says Korzybski; you will only confuse yourself and your hearers. Beware of thinking of "Baptists," "Americans," "businessmen," "workers" as identical. Whatever characteristics they may have in common, they have others which are different.

An object is not even identical with itself. Apple$_1$ is a *process*, changing its characteristics imperceptibly in a minute, slightly in a day, drastically in a month. Nothing in nature is quite what it was a moment ago. Even the Matterhorn wears slowly away, as rock avalanches come down the couloirs. Diamonds last longer than apples, but not forever. Be careful of thinking of apples, diamonds, people, or nations as unchanging events. Said Korzybski:

> The only possible link between the *objective* world and the verbal world is *structural.* If the two structures are similar, then the empirical world becomes intelligible to us—we "understand," can adjust ourselves . . . If the two structures are not similar . . . we do not "know," we do not "understand," the given problems are "unintelligible" to us . . . we do not know how to adjust ourselves.

Korzybski, as we have said, was profoundly influenced by the new language of science. Thermodynamics, he observed, could not have been built on such loose terms as "hot" and "cold"; a language showing minute quantitative changes and relations had to be developed—the calculus. Our languages are full of primitive metaphysical concepts, and the effect is like emery dust in a delicate machine. General Semantics seeks to substitute a good lubricant for the emery. "We usually have sense enough to fit our shoes to our feet, but not sense enough to revise older methods of orientation to fit the facts."

FROM Korzybski's introduction to the second edition of "Science and Sanity," which summarized the main principles of General Semantics, I have drawn the following twenty-one propositions or statements, trying to make a fair and objective digest.

In any scientific endeavor we borrow foundations from those who have gone before—a part of the process of "time-binding." All the propositions put forth by Korzybski are built on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groundwork laid by earlier scientists. Nobody makes completely original inventions nowadays. The first twelve statements now to be recited seem to me to rely heavily on the work of preceding scientists, while the last nine are more Korzybski's own. Certainly he developed them uniquely.

1.) *No two events in nature are identical.* This proposition is accepted by modern scientists. It runs counter to the "is of identity" in Indo-European languages, and to the "A is A" of formal logic.

2.) *Nature works in dynamic processes.* Accepted by modern scientists and by some schools of philosophy. It disagrees with the linear, cause-and-effect structure of our language.

3.) *Events flow into one another in nature by "insensible gradations."* Nature is all of a piece, though our language tends to separate it into classes.

4.) *Nature is best understood in terms of structure, order, relationships.* Einstein helped to establish this through the principles of relativity. Indo-European languages, with substantives, entities, absolutes, are at odds with the proposition.

5.) *Events in nature are four-dimensional.* Modern physicists think in terms of space-time. Indo-European languages are structured for three dimensions, and those who speak them have great difficulty with the concept of time.

6.) *Events have unlimited characteristics.* Our languages leave many of them out and thus often distort a judgment.

7.) *There is no simultaneity in nature.* Western languages assume it as a matter of course.

8.) *There are no abstract entities outside our heads.* But languages may create verbal spooks which seem to be moving out there. My 100 respondents mostly thought of "Fascism" as an entity, a beast moving.

9.) *Natural "laws" are at best only high probabilities.* Scientists are now pretty well committed to the probability theory. The structure of English, among other languages, favors absolute laws and eternal principles.

10.) *Multi-valued logic is cardinal in understanding and explaining nature.* Indo-European languages tend to force us into two-valued thinking—the traps of either-or, black or white, "those who are not with us are against us."

11.) *A word is not a thing but an artificial symbol.* This has long been known, but the language structure still objectifies words and encourages word magic, where the word takes precedence over the physical event.

12.) *A fact is not an inference: an inference is not a value judgment.* The distinction is well known to the law, but not to the laity, and vast confusion results. The distinction may be illustrated by three statements:

(A) This train is going at twenty miles an hour. A *fact.*

(B) At this rate we'll be an hour late. An *inference.*

(C) This lousy railroad is never on time! A *value judgment.*

Asked to define an event, most of us jump to the level of value judgment. A proper definition begins at the other end.

Now let me list the nine statements which seem more uniquely Korzybski's.

13. *A map is not the territory.* Our words are not nature, but their structures should correspond if we are to understand our world.

14.) *The language of mathematics contains structures which correspond to the structure of nature.* Korzybski expected a crop of young geniuses in physics as a result of the new talk following Einstein—and sure enough, they appeared! Robert Oppenheimer was one of them.

15.) *"Reality" is apperceived on*

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SOVEREIGN SCRIBBLERS

Among the kings and queens of history who have made their mark as writers, Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to identify the following ten. Seven correct answers should entitle you to a baronetcy, eight or nine to a dukedom, and ten to a crown royal. Answers on page 48.

1. Tutored in poetry, music, and jurisprudence while he was held captive at the court of Henry IV and Henry V, this Scottish Chaucerian left a romantic autobiographical work called "The Kingis Quair."

2. Granddaughter of George II, prolific correspondent with numerous kinfolk, amateur of music, dancing, sketching, horses, this "very humble and unpretending author" saw her account of a Scottish sojourn published in several instalments.

3. Although his own "De la Littérature Allemande" showed little understanding of the literature of his time, this student of history and philosophy, skilled performer on the flute, freemason, friend of Voltaire and hero of the Seven Years' War, opened the way for a great Blütezeit of German literature by awakening national pride and self-confidence.

4. Among the published works of this Greek and Latin scholar (praised in Ascham's "Scholemaster" for reading Plato in her room while the rest of the court went hunting), cousin to Edward VI, and Queen of England for a few months in 1553, are letters to men of learning at home and abroad, a religious dialogue, and her speech on the scaffold.

5. Distinguished musician and poet, founder of the first chair of music in any European university (Salamanca), the "father of Castilian prose" sponsored many literary, legal, and astronomical projects, and is best known for his "Cántigas de Santa Maria."

6. Of doubtful authenticity are the "Poésies" and "Captivité" attributed to this ruler of the House of Valois, founder of the Collège de France, great Renaissance patron of art and letters, hero of the disaster of Pavia, and royal captive in Madrid.

7. West Saxon king responsible for a great revival of learning in the ninth century, this scholar and lawgiver is best known for his translation into Old English of Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiae" and for at least a part in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle."

8. Competent Latin orator and literary arbiter of the British Renaissance, as a child of eleven the last of the Tudors had translated "Le Miroir de l'âme Pécheresse" of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre—a "godlye medytacyon of the Christian soule concerning a love towards God and His Christe"—as a New Year's gift for her royal stepmother.

9. King of Scotland before becoming King of England, "the wisest fool in Christendom" left, *inter alia*, a "Daemonologie" ("Macbeth," written in compliment to this descendant of Banquo, acknowledges his interest in witches) and a "Counterblaste to Tobacco."

10. Admired by Erasmus for his intellectual precocity and ability in using Latin, this much-wedded pupil of John Skelton, musician, poet, skilled horseman, and student of theology became famous for his "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum" against Luther, his articles of religion, and his "Institution of a Christian Man."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three levels: macroscopic, microscopic, sub-microscopic. This point is not unique with Korzybski, but his emphasis is unique.

16.) *The systems of Aristotle, Euclid, and Newton are now special cases, and outmoded as general systems.* Korzybski does not hold that these three great men were wrong, only that their "laws" cover less territory than was formerly supposed.

17.) *Extensional, or objective, thinking is clearer and more accurate than intensional, or thinking inside one's skull.* This is another way of saying "look outside," "find the referent"—the latter a phrase which Korzybski did not like to use.

18.) *At the end of all verbal behavior are undefined terms.* This is the point where the senses in eye and ear and skin must pick up the signs from nature. Korzybski has emphasized this "unspoken level" more forcefully than any other student.

19.) *Language is self-reflexive.* It is possible to make a statement about a statement about a statement indefinitely. (No apologies to Gertrude Stein.)

20.) *Man, alone among earth's creatures, "binds time";* that is, profits by the experience of past generations. Well-known and obvious long before Korzybski, but uniquely phrased by him. (Not included in his appendix directly.)

21.) *The nervous system can be consciously reoriented to improve evaluation.* Science can restore sanity. Korzybski deeply believed this, titled his book as a result of it, but his proof is not conclusive. If the proposition turns out to be true it may add considerably to his stature. Delayed response, the use of warning signals, awareness of abstracting, and the rest, do improve evaluation without question. But does the use of General Semantics *retrain the whole nervous system,* so that improved evaluation becomes as automatic as the knee jerk? Psychiatrists are sceptical.

IT seems plain that while General Semantics has made important contributions to the study of communication it has not seized the leadership. Compared with cultural anthropology, with linguistics, with the work of Claude Shannon on mathematical theories of communication, it is more a point of view than a rigorous scientific discipline.

Korzybski "brought together a useful way of thinking and talking about human thinking and talking," says Professor Irving J. Lee. "He had devised and explained the principles; he had not established a training-testing program with equal thoroughness." He inaugurated no clinic for practising his methods, no controlled experiments to validate them.

Korzybski was something of a prima donna, and he had a few unfortunate prejudices. He was overcritical of the work of others in his field. I felt the sting of this criticism from time to time, though I had done my best to make his work more widely known. Sometimes it seemed as if the originator of General Semantics were trying to set up a one-man philosophy in the great tradition, which would supersede the system of Aristotle, Aquinas, or Hegel. Yet the scientific method, upon which he mainly relied, is intolerant of one-man philosophies.

Despite the feelings of frustration engendered by parts of "Science and Sanity," the determined reader has in the end a rich reward. Doors which had been closed begin to open; the world takes on a new dimension. Among the semanticists who have been carrying on since Korzybski's death in 1950—Hayakawa, Lee, Rapoport, Chisholm, Kelley, to name a few—are objective scholars, shy of cults and revelations. They will succeed, I believe, in fusing General Semantics into the amalgam of the social sciences where it belongs, linked with all the other disciplines.

Meanwhile, I can testify that twenty years of exposure to General Semantics have demonstrated that the evaluation of men and events can be sharpened by its use, that certain mental blocks can be remedied, that one's writing can be clarified.

Students of General Semantics report a better ability to listen, a reduction in the terrors of stage fright, help in cases of stuttering. General Semantics can aid in teaching children to understand their world, and in bringing "backward" scholars up to mark. It has led to a healthy re-examination of verbal proof.

This is no small contribution for one person to make. We owe Korzybski a good deal, not only for what he discovered or highlighted, but for the furor created by his personality. He lit fires, started controversies, caused people to examine what lay behind their terms, and so gave a much-needed impetus to the whole subject.

"What is the difference, Count Korzybski, between man and other living creatures?" he was sometimes asked. His eyes would gleam behind the great round spectacles and his deep voice with its rolling accent would reply: "A quar-rter-r- of an inch of cor-rtex."

---

1. James I of Scotland. 2. Victoria. 3. Frederick II of Prussia. 4. Lady Jane Grey. 5. Alphonso X, "El Sabio." 6. Francis I of France. 7. Alfred. 8. Elizabeth I. 9. James I. 10. Henry VIII.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING? Uniquely personal services: style-improving, ghostwriting, criticism, marketing. Top standard typing, research. Recommended leading authors, publishers. SARA CLYNE, 119 West 57 St., NYC. Circle 5-7735.

"LIFE IS SHORT, BIBLIOGRAPHY IS LONG!" Our staff of university experts will collect and evaluate sources and iconographic material for you. Reports prepared on any subject including foreign language sources. BIBLIOGRAPHIC RESEARCH, Box 71, Worthington, Ohio.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays. MSS delivery all publishers. Editing, ghostwriting, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

EXPERIENCED PUBLISHER'S READER and fiction analyst will appraise stories, novels, nonfiction. Write first. ALEX JACKINSON, Literary Agent, 11 West 42 St., NYC.

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels; all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIMEOGRAPHING—yes! MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext. 55.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Tape recordings transcribed. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPTS—Edited-Revised-Analyzed-Marketed—Author's Agency. International Service. Information on request. FORD, ADAMS & Co., 710 Main Ave., Norwalk, Connecticut.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, EDITED. Prompt, efficient, reliable. JAMES GOLTZ, 536 Third Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-2159.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 7 Park Ave. (34 St.), NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

TYPING. Manuscripts, etc. Electromatic. Fast. Accurate. Reasonable. BETSY ROSS, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT

RARE, HARD-TO-FIND Scholarly Books, all subjects. Specializing Ancient Classics, Curioso. SCHOLARLY BOOK SERVICE, 35 East 52 St., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

COMPLETE STOCK—One of the largest Buyers, Sellers of hard-to-find books in the world. Founded 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

BOOKS

SELL YOUR BOOKS to BARNES & NOBLE for top cash prices. Since 1874—specialists in buying scholarly, educational and technical books; also current college textbooks. Best cash paid for libraries, collections, or single volumes. Phone or write for Booklet R, "Cash for Your Books." BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., The Book Corner of the World, 105 Fifth Ave. (at 18 St.), NYC 3. ALgonquin 5-8109. Open daily 9:30 to 6, Saturdays 9:30 to 5.

ATHEIST BOOKS, 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

FRANKFURTER'S "CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI" available again. $3. Ask your bookseller or ACADEMIC REPRINTS, Box 3003, Stanford, Calif. Free catalogue.

PAPERBOUND BOOKS. 10¢ brings complete catalogues: Penguin, Pocket, Anchor, Signet, Ballantine, etc. BOOK MAIL SERVICE Co., Box 363, Jamaica, New York.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 40¢.

ART

WANTED: PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS by Boggs, Coleman, Hawthorne, Henri, Robinson, Shinn. Box S-859.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R64. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

ALLEGRO LP's (were $5.95 each) now $2.95 each. FREE catalogue. BROADWAY RECORD MART, 255 West 34 St., NYC 1.

RE-RECORD YOUR 78's on LP's. 16-10" sides on ONE 12" LP . . . $4.85. BELL MUSIC BOX, 847 Sixth Ave., NYC 1. LOngacre 5-9773.

UNUSED, complete 6-album set, Hugo Wolf Society. Best offer. Box T-53.

PERSONALS

THAT "HOSPITALITY" GIFT—does it puzzle you? Nothing is more enthusiastically received than a sketch of your friends' house on letter paper or playing cards. Ask TIFFT, 289 Tifft Road, Dover, New Hampshire.

EUROPEAN SYNDICATE needs features on short stories. Write for details to Telpress, Geneva 11, Switzerland. Enclose two international reply coupons.

NEW! Wide angle binoculars literally amazing. Catalogues. Bartlett Hendricks, BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

PERSONALS

FOR SALE: Book and gift shop in New England college town. Select clientele. Box S-839.

ARABIAN folding leather coin purse. Handmade, gold embossed. Unusual Morocco import. Red, green, white, yellow, brown, black. $1.50 each prepaid. No COD's. CROWDEN IMPORTS, 80A East Main, Peru, Indiana.

YOUNG TEACHER—Master's equivalent in psychology—desires interesting position anywhere. Box T-49.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES!" Excellent professional, technical, teaching, clerical positions Europe, Asia, S. America, Africa. Detailed information on 200 job classifications; over 100 firms, government agencies now hiring. (Male, Female.) Only $1. Money-back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 2IS, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91, NYC 24.

WANTED: Young lady, college grad, to do simple typing part-time. Two hours 2 or 3 times a week, for ex-veteran at well-known Brooklyn hospital. Pay $1.50-$2 an hour. Your typewriter not necessary. Preferably Brooklyn resident. Write particulars. Box S-259.

SINGLE MAN, college graduate in liberal arts, desires interesting employment in Europe. Box T-51.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc., $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

STEFAN ZWEIG. Wanted: first, limited editions (German) "Zweigiana." Box T-40.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a Toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

LAWYER, graduating June 1954, best schools, is interested in foreign employment. Box S-793.

BOOKKEEPER experienced with double entry method wanted for private day school on outskirts of Washington, D.C. Excellent conditions for work—permanent position for the right person. Good salary, 5-day week, month vacation, Christmas, Easter holidays. References required. Reply to The Potomac School, McLean, Virginia.

HISTORIAN, 29, wants part or full-time secretaryship to writer, New York City. Box T-35.

LEAVING FOR SWITZERLAND shortly, can represent you. Box T-34.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers visiting Washington, D.C. They enjoy special all-expense tour rates at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, broadcasts, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, for advance reservations. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY desires interesting, responsible position traveling abroad. Educated, attractive, mature. References. Box T-3.

D. H. LAWRENCE collectors: New, limited edition "PANSIES," foreword signed by Frieda Lawrence. $3 plus 13¢ postage. Cash with order. Taos Book Shop, Taos, New Mexico.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

MALE, 23, craves summer release from Grad. School. Box T-41.

GRANNY GUINN WRITES WEEKLY LETTERS about her real Virginia farm. If your favorite 4 to 8-year-old doesn't have a rural grandmother who shares her farm experiences, ask Granny Guinn to be a proxy grandmother via mail. Farm surprises every other week. Gift card. Letters are 6 for $1; 13, $2; 26, $4. Write GRANNY GUINN, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

EVELYN SCOTT, American novelist, returned after many years abroad, would be grateful for address of her son Creighton Scott and his family. Box S-831.

PROFESSIONAL, mature widow desires position as companion or secretary. Free to travel. Box T-36.

PERSONALS

WASHINGTON, D.C., thrilling ALL-EXPENSE, YEAR-ROUND PACKAGE offers 2 to 5-day SIGHTSEEING TOURS of Washington-Mt. Vernon-Annapolis, including air-conditioned room with bath at famous ROGER SMITH HOTEL, 2 blocks from White House. From $12.50 per person for 2 days. Special meal package available. Write Stanley Livingstone, Manager, Roger Smith Hotel, Washington, D.C., for Folder G.

YOUR VOICE made Strong, Forceful, and Outstanding with Oz Lung and Diaphragm Exerciser. Inexpensive. Mailed on 10 days' trial. Write VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21V), St. Louis, Missouri.

BOOKSELLERS: What have you on Billiards? Must be after 1900. Box T-50.

NEED WRITER (professor-teacher), thorough background Greek history to convert movie script into historical novel. Box T-38.

YOUNG WOMAN desires interesting summer travel position. Teacher. Experienced traveler. Some French, fluent German. Able to meet, work with people. Interested music, dramatics. Traveling companion, foreign representative, tutor, governess? Box T-48.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

LAWYER ALMOST. Yale. Summer security seeker. Lazy, indolent, indigent but amazing personal, academic record. Box T-54.

21st WRITERS' CONFERENCE in Rocky Mountains. July 26-August 13. Philip Wylie, Phyllis Whitney, Fred Coe and others. University of Colorado, Boulder.

WANTED—Young lady, typist, intelligent, to travel Spain, Italy, etc., collaborate travel guide books. Write Box T-45.

PROFESSIONAL NURSE, care of child or invalid. July-August. Box T-55.

MUSIC—Composer melodies seeks lyrics writer for collaboration. Box T-57.

TV EXECUTIVES ATTENTION! Three program formats. Not pre-peddled. 1. New type talent hunt. Sure sponsor catcher. 2. Fresh idea in tremendous field. Natural for witty comic. 3. Off-beat drama show. Crazy enough to be a big hit. Royalty or sale. Box T-58.

TUTOR, lecturer, Englishwoman, graduate, seeks summer post, resident or visiting. Box T-39.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

MANHATTAN summer sublet. East 90's near Madison. Light, airy 4 rooms and bath; elevator building. Season $280, or by month. Telephone Fillmore 8-0353, NYC.

GRACIOUS LIVING—Charmingly furnished 5-room apartment, author's home. Separate entrance, large, private screened porch. 10° cooler than city. Breathtaking Hudson view. Oil heat supplied. 25 minutes NYC. $150 month, yearly basis. Adults. Florence Ripley Mastin, Piermont, N. Y. 2-1634.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT, modernized living quarters in old mill with space suitable for commercial development, restaurant, ski lodge, etc., on highway from Manchester, Vermont, to Chester, Vermont; about 3 acres surrounding land. Asking price: $10,000. Communicate with me for further information or examination of the property. Photographs on request. Gerald G. Walker, Agent, South Londonderry, Vermont, telephone 86.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—New, year-round house, logs and knotty pine, deluxe kitchen, bath. Fireplace. 9 wooded acres. Brook. $6,900 (insured for $7,500). Ralph Meegan, Box 379, Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

HALF-ACRE island Maine lake, furnished or unfurnished. 5 bedrooms, electricity, running water, fireplace, porches, sunroom, boathouse. John Cleveland, Norway, Maine.

THOUSAND ISLANDS: Two Canadian Isles, St. Lawrence. New Camp cabins "Startop," "Skytop"; furniture. $3,900. Box S-897.

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 49)

FINGER LAKES, Owasco Lake frontage 1,050 feet; 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, 5 fireplaces, oil furnace, 50 acres. $32,000. A. W. Green, owner, East Lake Road, Moravia, N. Y. Telephone Auburn 4-866.

YEAR-ROUND, furnished 4-bedroom home. Attractive 21 x 28-foot living room, fireplace. Full basement. Artesian well. 10 acres, 1,200-foot road frontage. $14,000. J. M. Gray, Holmes, Dutchess County, N. Y. Telephone: Patterson, N. Y., 2596.

GREAT NECK, N. Y. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths on lovely half acre. Parklike setting, sweeping lawns, large spreading trees. Roll screened windows, magnificent schools; freezer, washer, dryer, dishwasher. $19,500. Principals only. GReat Neck 2-6616.

BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA. Log cabin, completely furnished, all facilities. 27 wooded acres. E. E. Amory, 716 Michigan Ave., Evanston, Illinois.

For Summer Rental

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, Gardiner's Bay. Ideal beach house, pine-paneled; stone fireplace; fully equipped, sleeps 6; quiet, restful, private beach, sailing, fishing. Rent summer or monthly. Box T-11.

THIRTY MINUTES TANGLEWOOD. New apartment in artist's studio building. Vast living room, bedroom, kitchen, dinette, bath. $100 monthly. Box T-47.

LOVELY APARTMENT, beautiful Buck Island home, Lake Placid, Adirondacks. All utilities, boat, outboard. $200 month. Box T-46.

IS YOUR FAMILY WEARY of city living? Stay the summer or year in charming pre-Revolutionary home. 12 rooms, 5 baths, oil furnace. Furnished. Exclusive village. Golf course, Art Center, excellent schools. 4-month summer, $2,000. Wells-Glenn, Brokers, Manchester, Vermont.

MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN COTTAGES 74 miles NYC. Amidst towering pines, ultra modern cottages, new conveniences, huge swimming pool, fireplace. $300 season. Write Molnar, Box T-31, or telephone LExington 2-8795, NYC.

VACATIONS

BERKSHIRE BOUND? Join Lenox Folk-Guitar-Recorder Workshop. Box S-832.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 weekly. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Brunswick, Maine.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for self-sufficient people looking for restful weekends and vacations. Beautiful countryside. 50 miles from New York. Swimming, boating, fishing nearby. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates. Maple Road, Brewster, N.Y. BRewster 9-3154.

TOM GLAZER entertains at SEVEN HILLS July 4 weekend. Informal, adult. Write, telephone for reservations. Seven Hills, Lenox 5, Massachusetts. Call Lenox 8677.

MUSICAL VACATIONERS—Join community music center in Vermont's beautiful Upper Winooski Valley. Play in Haybarn Concerts, practice all day and night if you like. Fine food, sensational views, marvelous climate. July-August. $40 weekly. Write W. S. Hamlin, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

THE ANCHORAGE, Grand Manan Island in the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick, Canada, is a guest colony within the Provincial Wild Life Sanctuary. Enjoy a holiday by the sea in an atmosphere of old-world charm. Write The Anchorage, Grand Manan, New Brunswick.

PEACE BY LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Relaxation. Good Food. McNeill, Alburgh Center, Vermont.

ARE YOU PLANNING a New England vacation? With French overtones? Then you'll want to see the Music Inn booklet. MUSIC INN at Lenox, Mass., that is.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Massachusetts. Quiet, restful place. Recordings, tennis, fireplaces, folk dancing, informal. Reserve now June honeymoon, vacation, and Tanglewood concert season. Telephone Lenox 367W; NYC LUxemburg 2-1165.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

VACATIONS

WOODHOLME—A genuine Adirondack Lodge on a clear, cool mountain lake. American plan, $50 to $54 per week. Mr. & Mrs. William Lawson, Inlet, N.Y.

SCHROON CREST on SCHROON LAKE. Adult Summer Resort. Resident Staff, Band. Home of Adirondack Folk Song and Dance Festivals. NYC telephone: MAin 4-8570, or MAin 4-1230.

A BERKSHIRE LAKE RESORT for adults. Swimming from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP records. Golf 2 miles. Tanglewood 4 miles. Telephone 552. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Massachusetts.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2,000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM—luscious food; casual, intimate, midst woods with trout stream. Swimming, horses, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

BACH TO BERLIOZ. There's a tremendous recordings library for your enjoyment at SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating, Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach. Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theaters. The BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails. Beautiful swimming pool. Sun pavilion. Tennis and handball courts. Library. Recordings. Informal dancing. Easy transportation. 110 miles from NYC in Greene County. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Reasonable rates. Reservation or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

VACATIONS

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N.Y. At 2,100 feet elevation, 600 acres surrounded by Adirondack Forest. Mountain and Lake recreation. Ideal for creative work or just loafing. Meals varied and best. Booklet, American plan rates on request.

PIKE COUNTY LODGE high in the Poconos. A simple mountain lodge . . . quiet seclusion in natural woodland setting. 185 acres, small private lake. Charming hospitality, fine attention to food and service. Recommended by leading Food and Travel Authority and the AAA. Helen & Werner Jung, Tafton, Pennsylvania, Hawley 3559.

RARE CHARM of intimate, congenial group. CAMP TIMBERLAND, informal Adirondack adult camp, Pottersville, N.Y. Sports, lake, dancing, theatre workshop. NYC office, 33 West 42 St., LOngacre 5-3674.

STUDY in BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Fidel Figueroa, Director, Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL! Just across the road from AVALOCH INN! You will enjoy full resort facilities in a non-commercial atmosphere. Write AVALOCH, Dept. D, Lenox, Massachusetts. Telephone: Lenox 41.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

BERKSHIRES. If you love France, you'll love SUNINSIDE. Ideal for peace-loving gourmets. Monterey, Massachusetts.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Unique lakeside Lodge and Cabins deep in woods, altitude 1,700, off-highways. Moderate rates include meals, boats, canoes, tennis, swimming, recorded concerts, etc. Informal. Folder S.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

VERMONT VACATION at country inn on Lake Hortonia. Excellent food, summer sports, golf, riding nearby. Unique bar. Weekly square dances. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to SATURDAY REVIEW for the term indicated below:

☐ One year . . . . . $ 7.00
☐ Two years 12.00
☐ Three years 16.00

Please note: The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions.
Canada: One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $19.
Other Foreign: One year $9, Two years $16, Three years $22.

Payment is enclosed ☐ Please send me a bill* ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

* *Payment is required with the order on subscriptions outside the continental limits of the United States.*

6-19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1056

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To soften by kneading, or by mixing with some thinner substance.	43 33 37 41 191
B. Cringing.	153 68 6 127 108 181
C. Rhizomes.	170 90 39 1 34 189 73 84 145 158
D. The "Pittsburgh of Japan."	123 14 32 57 129 51
E. Describing the first great flight of the Spirit of St. Louis.	115 132 13 42 23 38 188
F. Popular actress who became Mrs. William Faversham (1871-1921).	121 152 124
G. Formerly, a sea fish identified as the sturgeon.	172 69 130 88 161
H. Large body of fresh water, S. Quebec, favorite of fishermen (3 wds.).	131 112 49 7 91 20 144 148 35 106 114 102 52
I. Capable of being submitted to ballot.	177 79 97 28 164 47 155
J. Line on a weather map joining places with the same mean temperature.	18 119 160 139 182 107 77 187
K. Listless; languidly sentimental.	137 87 45 40 61 180 147 96 66 163 8 125 113
L. Thomas Wolfe's admonition in title of his "Story of the Buried Life" (2 wds.).	141 24 10 134 2 110 15 30 150 186 60 171

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Lays hold of; grasps.	176 154 159 128 183 80 16 168 116 184
N. Continental glacier (2 wds.).	67 19 86 100 46 3 76 92
O. Recent crop of *Solanum tuberosum* (2 wds.).	118 166 54 63 178 174 190 140 133 146 22
P. Everything about games, diversions, in general (3 wds.).	62 89 85 83 122 70 117 11 136 56 4 156 109
Q. One of the flying women whose wings served also as dress, in Paltock's fantastic story of "Peter Wilkins."	94 157 98 173 149 26
R. Satisfaction, with commendation.	93 126 58 31 36 5 81 101 48 104 21
S. The classical name for Portugal.	143 44 55 179 9 99 72 167 12
T. Too lacking in firmness.	169 82 95 17 162 175 111 78
U. An unprincipled person.	25 142 29 74 64 105 135 120 53
V. The southern half of a church, from the altar to the porch (2 wds.).	50 27 138 65 185 165 59 151 71 75 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 C	2 L	3 N	■	4 P	5 R	6 B	7 H	8 K	9 S	■	10 L	11 P	■	12 S	13 E	■
14 D	15 L	16 M	17 T	18 J	19 N	20 H	21 R	■	22 O	23 E	24 L	25 U	26 Q	■	27 V	28 I
29 U	30 L	31 R	■	32 D	33 A	34 C	■	35 H	36 R	■	37 A	38 E	39 C	40 K	■	41 A
42 E	■	43 A	44 S	45 K	46 N	■	47 I	48 R	49 H	50 V	■	51 D	■	52 H	53 U	54 O
55 S	56 P	57 D	58 R	59 V	60 L	■	61 K	62 P	■	63 O	64 U	65 V	66 K	67 N	68 B	69 G
70 P	■	71 V	72 S	■	73 C	74 U	75 V	76 N	77 J	■	78 T	79 I	■	80 M	81 R	82 T
83 P	■	84 C	85 P	86 N	87 K	88 G	■	89 P	90 C	91 H	92 N	93 R	94 Q	95 T	■	96 K
97 I	■	98 Q	99 S	100 N	■	101 R	102 H	103 V	■	104 R	105 U	106 H	107 J	108 B	109 P	■
110 L	111 T	■	112 H	■	113 K	114 H	115 E	116 M	117 P	118 O	■	119 J	120 U	121 F	122 P	123 D
■	124 F	125 K	126 R	127 B	128 M	■	129 D	130 G	■	131 H	132 E	133 O	134 L	■	135 U	136 P
■	137 K	138 V	139 J	140 O	141 L	142 U	■	143 S	144 H	145 C	146 O	■	147 K	■	148 H	149 Q
150 L	151 V	152 F	153 B	154 M	155 I	156 P	■	157 Q	158 C	■	159 M	160 J	161 G	162 T	163 K	164 I
165 V	166 O	■	167 S	168 M	■	169 T	170 C	171 L	172 G	173 Q	■	174 O	175 T	■	176 M	177 I
178 O	179 S	180 K	■	181 B	182 J	183 M	■	184 M	185 V	186 L	187 J	188 E	■	189 C	190 O	191 A

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The books you want to read are - usually - Book-of-the-Month Club selections or alternates

FOR EXAMPLE: HERE ARE A DOZEN RECENT BOOKS

MARY ANNE — Daphne du Maurier	THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS — Charles A. Lindbergh
A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE — Erich Maria Remarque	A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX — Bruce Catton
BHOWANI JUNCTION — John Masters	THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY — Ernest K. Gann
OF WHALES AND MEN — R. B. Robertson	THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST — Sir John Hunt
FIRE IN THE ASHES — Theodore H. White	SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET — Heinrich Harrer
SAYONARA — James A. Michener	THE MIND ALIVE — Harry and Bonaro Overstreet

WHEN THEY ARE, WHY NOT BUY THEM FROM THE CLUB?... AS A MEMBER YOU NEED NEVER BUY ANY OTHERS... YOU WILL PAY ON THE AVERAGE 27% LESS FOR THEM... YOU WILL SHARE IN APPROXIMATELY $1,000,000 WORTH OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS DISTRIBUTED EVERY MONTH AMONG MEMBERS... AND, BEST OF ALL, YOU WILL EFFECTUALLY KEEP YOURSELF FROM MISSING THESE NEW BOOKS YOU ARE EAGER TO READ

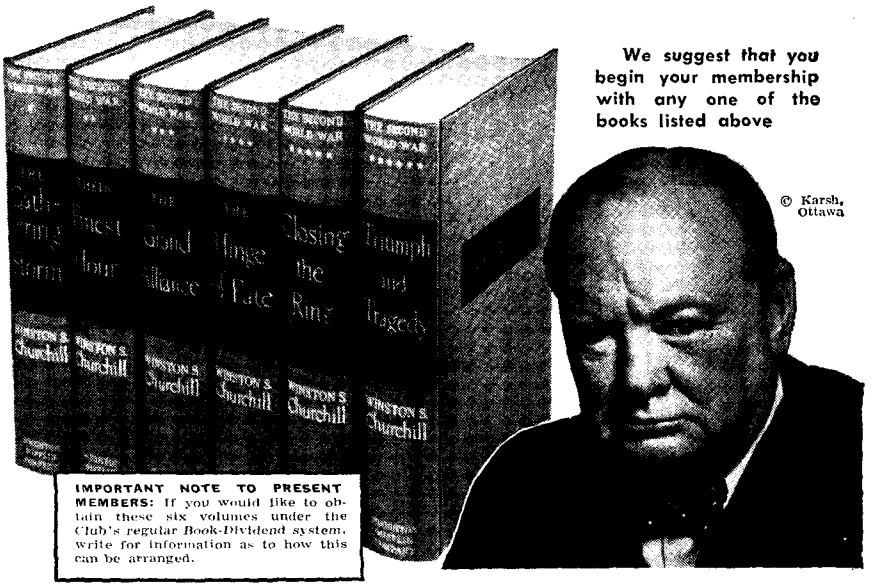
Given to you

IF YOU JOIN THE CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS — OF YOUR CHOICE — DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War by Winston Churchill

[RETAIL PRICE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY $36]



IMPORTANT NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to obtain these six volumes under the Club's regular Book-Dividend system, write for information as to how this can be arranged.

We suggest that you begin your membership with any one of the books listed above

© Karsh, Ottawa

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A256
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection indicated below. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

_____
(Choose one of the books listed above)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE these six great books will be a possession you will be proud to have acquired, as a memento of your own part, however humble, in this great epoch of human history. The complete set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Book-of-the-Month Club important to every book-reading family.

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you may want to read. For example, *all six* of the Churchill books were Club Selections.

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price for each of these Churchill volumes is $6.00; the price to Club members is only $4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for selections was *27% less* than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in about $1,000,000 worth of books, each month, distributed *free* to members as Book-Dividends. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members. They usually average around $6 retail price. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you agree to buy later.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you may choose your first selection, please see above.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED